(This Book has been prepared at the instance of teh Peshawar University in accordance with the new syllabus for the *Matriculation Examination*).

LANDS
and
PEOPLES

By

JANE HILL, M.A. (Cantab)

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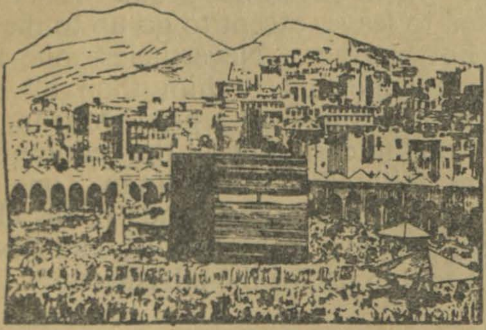
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INTRODUCTION

THIS book is about a number of countries, and of the ways in which people live in them. They have been portrayed in the form of narratives and dialogues, instead of in the ordinary descriptive form, for two reasons. First, this method gives classes a better opportunity of studying the English Language. In place of descriptions monotonously written in the third person, there is a variety of tenses and pronouns, of questions and answers, and of direct and indirect speech. Secondly, this method may prove to be more interesting to students. Teachers know how children who are bored set up an invisible barrier in the classroom, which prevents them from absorbing anything. To capture their interest is half the battle. They are more likely to be interested if, instead of being presented with facts and figures, they are told just what it feels like to live in different countries—the food that people eat, the clothes that they wear, their amusements and problems, and the stories which mothers tell their children. It is hoped that this book will be sufficiently stimulating to make its readers have a better understanding of people in other lands, and a desire to travel and to meet them.

CHAPTER 1

THE MUSLIM WORLD, FROM THE ATLANTIC TO THE PACIFIC



Every year, men and women from many lands set out on a journey. In days gone by, they travelled on foot, or on horse-back, or crossed the seas in small sailing-boats. Their journeys took many weeks, through strange places, and they ran the risk of losing their way, and perishing from hunger and thirst. Nowadays the wonders of science have made these journeys quicker and more comfortable. But whether the travellers go now on foot, or in the fastest, most up-to-date jet aeroplane, they are all linked by a common purpose. They are all Hajis, obeying the command of the Prophet Muhammad (peace be upon him), to go on pilgrimage to Mecca.

One of these modern pilgrims was a Pakistani business man, called Rauf. He had been born in Peshawar, and for over fifty years had rarely been away from the city for long. He had taken his degree there ; he had a pleasant house and garden; he was preoccupied with his family, and with the group of shops which he owned; and he was too contented to leave, except to go up to the hills in the hot weather. Nevertheless one thing was more important to him than all else : his religion. Rauf was a pious Muslim, and endeavoured to carry out all the requirements of Islam faithfully. Accordingly, one day he left his business in the hands of his eldest son, said goodbye to his family, and flew to Karachi to join one of the pilgrim ships.

The majority of pilgrims on board were also Pakistanis. It was not until Rauf had realised his ambition, and had reached Mecca, that he saw how many different nations were represented there. One group of Hajis had come from Egypt, another from Syria, a third from Yemen, and a fourth from Morocco. Small Chinese men from the port of Canton, with yellow skins and slanting eyes, walked side by side with tall West African negroes, with black skins and frizzy hair. Dignified Bedouin Arabs, with hawk-like profiles, made the Haj with animated little men from Java and Malaya. Turks were there, from the ancient land which, in the twentieth century, Mustafa Kemal Ataturk had transformed into

a powerful modern State. Arab princes had come, from the countries which had sprung into prominence because they produced the oil which is essential to modern life.. There were Europeans from Cyprus and Albania, and Africans from Tunisia and the Belgian Congo. Turks who had emigrated to America had flown across the Atlantic, and mixed with Russians from the shores of the Caspian Sea. Doctors and teachers, princes and peasants, rich and poor all were equal. At Mecca, all distinction of nationality or wealth were swept aside.

Rauf realised that at that moment, all over the Muslim world, people were thinking of the pilgrims, and were facing Mecca as they prayed. Everywhere they were united in spirit. Different though they were in physique, customs and religion, they were bound together by one strong bond : they all studied the same Holy Quran, and were linked by the same Faith.

For the first time, Rauf became aware of the full extent of the Muslim world. It stretched westwards to Morocco and West Africa, on the Atlantic coast, and eastwards to China, Malaya, Indonesia and the Philippines. In the north, it reached up into Soviet Russia, and it stretched as far south as Central Africa. Moreover there were Muslim minorities far beyond these borders. Mosques stood in isolated corners of North and South

America, England, South Africa, Northern Russia, and many other places, bearing witness to the remarkable expansion of Islam. It was estimated that over 300 million people, or nearly one-seventh of all the people in the world, were Muslims.

At night, Rauf listened to the pilgrims' talk, eager to know more of the distant places from which they had come. One man of enormous stature came from West Africa. His home was in Ghana, formerly the British colony known as the Gold Coast, and now a self-governing dominion within the Commonwealth, since 1957.

"Do you ever drink cocoa, or eat chocolates?" he asked, with a smile. "Well, my father owned a cocoa plantation, only five acres in size. When I was a small boy, I used to play in the shade of the cocoa trees and watch their pretty pink flowers grow into round, red pods, a foot long, the shape of cucumbers. I helped to cut them, and to dry the cocoa beans inside them. I thought that I should be a cocoa grower, too ; but my father was ambitious, and he helped me to win scholarships to our University at Accra, and later to the University of London. I took a degree in agriculture, and now I'm in the department of agriculture in Ghana. It is strange to me to find myself in a good job like that, and to remember that my ancestors were slaves."

Next to him sat a Pakistani from East Africa, who was delighted to talk to Rauf. His grandparents had emigrated to Kenya fifty years before, in the hope of making their fortunes as farmers there. They had prospered, and now their grandson owned a coffee farm on the high plateau.

"It is about 6,000 feet above sea-level," he told Rauf. "That is where coffee grows best, if there is sunshine on the trees for part of each day. Do you know what coffee trees look like? They are twenty feet or more high, with white blossoms flowering for a few days. Afterwards, red berries take their places, each with a couple of coffee seeds inside it."

"Aren't you lonely there?" Rauf asked him.

The man shook his head. "There are about 30,000 other Pakistanis in Kenya," he said, "and half a million African Muslims. They have Mosques and Muslim schools. There are many other Muslims in the rest of that part of Africa. I was talking to one from the island of Zanzibar, which is ruled by a Muslim Sultan. The island gets its wealth from spices. Then, over there is an African Muslim from Abyssinia. Although their Emperor is a Christian, there are many Muslims living there. That one is proud of the fact that the first convertsto

Islam here at Mecca, found refuge in his country."

A small man with black hair and a pale yellow skin began to talk to them. His American accent puzzled Rauf, until he had explained, that he came from the Philippine Islands, which were under American rule, until they became a free Republic, in 1946.

"I like the sound of their name," Rauf said.

"The islands got that from the Spaniards," the man replied. "They governed them for a time, and called them after Philip, their king. My ancestors, however, were neither Spaniards nor Americans, but Malays. By a curious coincidence, they came from the same part of Malaya that my friend here lives in. He has a rubber plantation there. We met for the first time on the aeroplane, coming here."

"It is a small world," a Russian said, smiling. "I come from the U. S. S. R., the largest country in the world. My home is in Samarkhand, between Afghanistan and the Caspian Sea. Alexander the Great and Marco Polo both passed through the city, and the Mongol leader, Timur, was buried there. In olden days, merchants used tc stop at Samarkhand, on their long journeys between Europe and China; for it lies in an

oasis in the desert. Nowadays there are many factories and most people prefer to visit it by railway; but we still think with nostalgia of the romance of ancient days, when we see traders entering the city with camels bearing silk, wool and dried fruit, just as they did when Marco Polo was alive. Well, one of those traders is here now. When I last saw him, it was a bitterly cold day in winter, and he was on horse-back, wrapped up in a thick woollen coat, with long sleeves reaching below his finger tips, to keep himself warm. He used to ride from place to place, to find pastures for his herds of sheep and ponies, and at night he would pitch his tent in the open, on the steppes. Now he finds himself in a totally different climate, and I believe that he is enjoying the heat."

Rauf said goodbye to his new friends with regret, when the Haj was over. As he sat on deck in the starlight, one night, on a ship bound for Karachi, he reflected on the remarkable way in which Islam had spread all over the world. It had all started with one man, ridiculed and driven out of his home, because he persisted in preaching the message which God had sent to him. Rauf had constantly marvelled at the wonderful story of the Prophet Muhammad (peace be upon him). He thought of the sorrows of his childhood, bereft of both father and mother, and of his manhood when, one after the other, his

beloved wife, Hazrat Khadija, and his uncle, Abu Talib, who had been his guardian, had died. He remembered how the Quraish had laughed Muhammed (peace be upon him) to scorn, when he had first preached the Divine Message to them, calling upon them to return to the paths of righteousness. Persecution and ridicule had been the lot of the Holy Prophet (peace be upon him) and of the first converts, who finally were driven to take refuge in Abyssinia. At last the holy Prophet, too, (peace be upon him), had been forced to leave Mecca, lest he should be killed by his enemies; and Medina, where he found shelter was three times attacked by them.

Rauf compared these years of continuous dangers and difficulties with the wonderful years of triumph which followed so swiftly and surely. Eight years after the Hegira, Muhammad (peace be upon him) re-entered Mecca at the head of thousands of Muslims, and destroyed the idols in the Ka'aba. Before his death, two years later, the idolatrous quarrelsome tribes of Arabia had been converted to Islam, and united under a central government.

The speed with which Islam spread to other lands was incredible. Ten years after the death of the Prophet (peace be upon him), it had become the religion of Syria, Iraq and Egypt. Two hundred years after his death,

Islam spread along both sides of the Mediterranean sea, to Spain and Morocco, on the Atlantics shores, and eastwards to the frontiers of the Chinese empire. Countless Mosques had been built, from which the call of the Muezzine to the Faithful to pray resounded through many lands, five times a day.

An amazing growth of knowledge took place amongst the followers of Islam. The Arabs' knowledge of medicine, mathematics, philosophy and geography, their art and literature, their skill in navigation and in engineering, dazzled the world, while Christian Europe, in contrast, was passing through a period of strife and barbarism Missionaries spread Islam to all corners of the earth, until it had become one of the most vigorous and widespread religions in the world. Amongst all Rauf's experiences during the Haj, none would equal his awakening to a deeper understanding of the meaning of Islam, and of the brotherhood of Muslims everywhere.

NOTES

Perishing	..	losing their lives.
Linked	..	joined.
Rarely	..	hardly ever.
Preoccupied with	..	thinking only of.
Slanting	..	not level, but sloping.
Profile	..	the side view of a face.
Animated	..	marry, full of life.
Sprung into prominence		suddenly taken a leading place.
Essential to	...	needed by.

Civilization	..	state which have advanced in knowledge and good manners, and which are no longer ignorant and savage.
Emigrated to America		left their country to live permanently in America. (To emigrate is to leave a country: to immigrate is to enter a new one.)
Distinctions	..	marks of difference.
Physique	..	the shape of the body.
Extent	..	size.
Minority (*Plural:minorities*)	..	the smaller number. (the majority is the larger number).
Expansion	..	growth.
Stature	..	height.
Plantation	.. .. ..	a farm on whitch some crop, such as cocoa or sugar, has been planted.
Ambitious	..	eager for success, full of ambition.
Ancestors	..	those people from whom one is descended, e.g., grandparents.
Prospered	..	done well
Converts	..	people who have joined a new religion.
Found refuge	..	took shelter.
Accent	..	way of speaking.
Coincidence	..	an event which occurs by accident, but which seems to be related to another; a trick of fate.
Oasis	..	a fertile place, with water, in the desert.
Nostalgia	..	longing (usually for home).
Reflected	..	thought carefully.
Ridiculed	..	laughed at.
Bereft of	..	having lost.
Guardian	..	one who takes the place of parents, looking after their child.

Idolatrous .. worshipping idols.

Renaissance .. revival of knowledge (literally, a new birth),

EXERCISES

1. Make up sentences containing these phrases:—

In days gone by; ran the risk; go on foot; he was preoccupied with; realised his ambition; side by side with; sprang into prominence; had emigrated to; united in spirit; the full extent of; bearing witness to; eager to know more; he was ambitious; making their fortune; found refuge; a curious coincidence; laughed him to scorn; all corners of the earth.

2. Which of these words, given in pairs, is correct?

They ran the risk of losing (there, their) way. (Its, it's) a small world. The wonders of science (has, have) made them more comfortable. (Where, were) is your home? I (would, should) like to make the Haj.

3. Complete these sentences by adding a subject or a predicate:—

.... set out on a journey.
.... flew to Karachi.
The majority of pilgrims on board..........
.... found refuge in his country.
A small man with an American accent......

4. Translate the first paragraph of the Chapter into Urdu.

5. Describe the extent of the modern Muslim world.

CHAPTER 2

FIVE THOUSAND YEARS OF PAKISTANI CIVILIZATION

Dr. Rahman opened the letter which had arrived by air-mail for him that morning, and gave an exclamation of pleasure. The letter wasf rom an American friend, who, like him, was a University lecturer. This American had written to ask whether he might spend a few days with him, in West Pakistan, during a trip which he was making round the world. "I realise," he wrote, "that it will be impossible for me, in that short time, to learn much about the five thousand years of your country's civilization. Nevertheless I shall attempt to learn as much as I can, and you are the man who can most easily help me."

Dr. Rahman paused to consider where he ought to take his visitor. He wished that he could take him first to Quetta, and the valley nearby of the Zhob River, to see the sites of prehistoric villages. In sheltered valleys in the high plateau stretching from Quetta, across Iran, to the ancient land of Mesopotamia, there once lived primitive farmers. They grew barley, and kept herds of cows, sheep and goats. Their small houses were made of mud or of bricks, sometimes covered with whitewash.

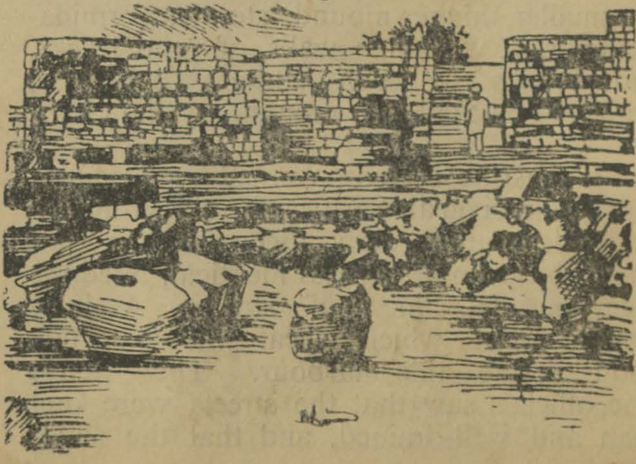
Archaeologists digging on the sites of these houses found pottery of red or yellow clay, painted with geometric designs, and little figures of animals, or of girls wearing necklaces and bangles. Dr. Rahman realised, however, that there would not be time to take his guest to see these sites. Clearly, their first visit must be to Mohenjo-Daro.

He reflected that it was only in the past forty years that the ancient cities of the Indus Valley had been revealed. During that time, archaeologists, digging carefully amongst the rubble, had laid bare the ruins of towns that existed between 2,500 and 1,500 B. C. The finest of these was Mohenjo-Daro, two hundred miles north-east of Karachi. There, long ago, two great mounds of earth were erected, as a safeguard against floods from the River Indus, close by. On the smaller, higher mound, stood a formidable fortress, with high walls of mud bricks, and towers at each corner. Below it, protected by the lower mound, lay the city.

It must have been governed by extremely competent civic authorities, for everything in it was clean and orderly. Rows and rows of brick houses, more or less identical, lined the wide parallel lines of streets. A busy granary from which wheat was exported, stood beside the harbour. The active civic officials saw that the streets were kept clean and well-drained, and that the shop-

keepers did not use false weights or measures. In the lanes, children played with dolls and toy animals, while their parents were shopping, perhaps admiring beads or a knife, brought from the Mesopotamian cities, such as Abraham's city of Ur. Some of the men and women were short, with dark skins, but others whose ancestors came from the north were taller, with paler skins and fine features. The women wore short skirts and numerous necklaces, while the men wore loin-cloths. They seemed prosperous and contented. Then, without warning, this busy, orderly life came to an end. Aryan warriors, riding in chariots, invaded the valley, plundering the cities, and putting the inhabitants to the sword. The Indus Valley civilization was at an end.

The American visitor, thought Dr. Rahman, must next go to see Taxila, near



Rawalpindi. There Dr. Rahman could show him the fine museum, and the four sites on which the city was built, at successive stages of its history.

It was near the earliest site that Alexander the Great received the surrender of the King of Taxila, in 326 B. C., after conquering Greece, Egypt and Persia. This brilliant and handsome young general was then still only thirty years old, and had extended his great empire as far as the River Beas, before his death in Babylon at the age of thirty-two.

It is not likely that he was impressed by Taxila. The first city was large and straggling with winding roads and houses made of rough stone. Its disorder was very different from the neat town-planning of Mohenjo-Daro. Even after it had become part of the Empire of Chandragupta, whose grandson, the great Asoka, was for a time governor of Taxila, the city failed to be impressive. A Greek tribe called Bactrians, who conquered it later, abandoned the old city altogether, and built another on a fresh site.

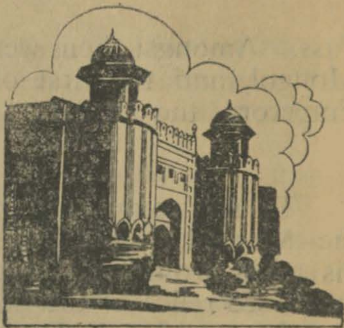
Dr. Rahman, however, planned to spend some time showing his guest the site of the third Taxila. That was a very different affair. There, in the first century, B. C., a high stone wall encircled a large, well-built city. It had orderly rows of houses and shops, well-drained streets, and a fine palace

and temple. In the temple, Buddhist monks, with yellow robes and shaven heads, prayed before jewelled images. High up on a hill-top near by, other monks studied in their small cells, or listened to lectures in a fine assembly-hall. The religion of the people of the Indus Valley and of their Aryan conquerers, with its worship of the sun, of snakes and oftrees, had been replaced by Buddhism, after the conversion of Asoka in the third century, B. C. Taxila became a centre for trade, and for learning. Yet it could resist invaders no better than Mohenjo-Daro had done. Taxila, too, fell a prey to savage warriors, about the year 450, D.A.

After visiting Taxila, Dr. Rahman intended to drive with his guest along the historic Grand Trunk Road to Peshawar, and up to the Khyber Pass. No mountain pass had so many historical associations as the Khyber had. It had echoed to the tramp of the feet of Alexander's Greek soldiers; and through it, early in the eleventh century, A. D., had come Sultan Mahmud Ghaznavi from Afghanistan, bringing in his train poets, scientists such as the brilliant Al-Biruni, and above all, missionaries. It was that pious ruler who first brought Islam to the north-west of Pakistan, though already Arab merchants and soldiers had extended the Muslim world up the valley of the Indus as far as Multan. Other Muslim rulers had followed Sultan Mahmud through the Khyber

Pass. Amongst them were Timur, the savage Mongol, and the first of the great Mughal Emperors, the brilliant Babur.

To see something of the splendours of the Mughal civilisation, Dr. Rahman and his guest would go to Lahore. There they could see relics of the Muslim Empire which lasted from 1526 A. D., when Babur defeated the ruler of Delhi at Panipat, until the deposition of Bahadur Shah II by the British, in 1857. Under the rule of the early Mughals, Lahore became a great and prosperous city. Along the dusty roads leading to it, traders riding camels brought spices, cotton and ivory, and took away silks, velvet and carpets. Swift horses brought ice from the mountains in the north to the large, stone houses overlooking the River Ravi, so that the nobles living there could cool their fruit and wine. The large bazaars were crowded with men in loin-cloths, mingling with rich merchants who paid for fine goods in coins of gold, silver or copper. Nobles in turbans and long robes rode to the Emperor's court, removing their shoes of red leather as they entered. Inside, perfumes burned in silver holders, and scented water splashed in silver fountains. The Emperor, in magnificent robes, sat on a throne of gold and jewels, while his family sat on cushions of gold or silver cloth.



Dr. Rahman decided that he would take his guest first of all to see the ruins of the city walls, built by Akbar. They would then go to the Fort.

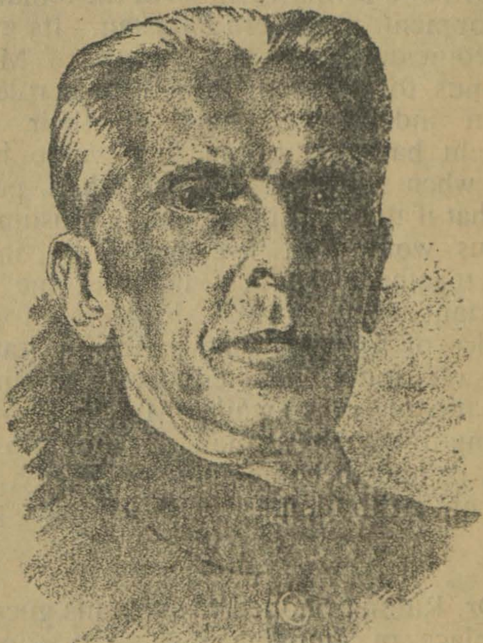
They would enter the big courtyard, where the Emperors showed themselves daily to the people, and received petitions. They would see the beautiful marble Hall of Mirrors, and the Pearl Mosque. Then they would descend to the Badshahi Mosque, built by the pious Emperor Aurangzeb, blimbing one of its tall, slender towers to cook over the river and the city, and towards lJehangir's fine tomb. They would visit also the gardens for which the Mughal Empire was famous, where it was pleasant to wander on hot days. The finest was the Shalimar garden, built by the Emperor Shahjahan, where marble pavilions stood amongst the flower-beds, land the fountains.

It was a pity, thought Dr. Rahman, that there would not be time to fly across to East Pakistan, to see the relics of the Muslim rulers there. He would like to have shown his friend the Lalbagh Fort at Dacca, once the capital city of the viceroys of Bengal, and the fine Mosques and Tombs near by.

Their final visit, however, should undoubtedly be to Karachi. Karachi had grown within a hundred years from a mere fishing village to an important capital city, with a big railway station, a harbour and an air-port, and it was a symbol of the remarkable development of modern Pakistan. Its growth had coincided with the growth of Muslim demands for freedom from British rule, and for an independent state of their own. Karachi had just begun to develop into a port when Sir Syed Ahmad Khan pointed out that if the British left India, Muslims and Hindus would not live peacefully in one state together. Karachi had become more important when, in 1930, Iqbal put forward the idea of forming a new Muslim State, in north-west India. The city was becoming an international port while Mr. Jinnah was working to create Pakistan. By the time of his death, it had become a capital city, with Government buildings, and a large population.

Dr. Rahman hoped to show his guest the birth place of Jinnah, in the city, and the magnificent Government House, where he died. He would tell his friend of the struggle which Mr. Jinnah had in his early life to help his family, after his father's business had failed; and of his outstanding success as a barrister in Bombay. He would describe his entry into politics, when he attempted to bring together the Hindu Congress and the Muslim League,

and his decision later that the creation of a separate Muslim country, free of Indian domination, was the only solution. Dr. Rahman would tell the story of Mr. Jinnah's work,



as Governor-General of the new Muslim State, after 1947, and of his death from the strain of over-work, in the following year.

He hoped that in his brief tour, his friend would have seen a little of the development of modern Pakistan. He would learn about

the Village Aid Scheme, which spread modern knowledge to the villages. He would hear about the development of hydro-electric power. He would see how Pakistan was makinguseof its natural resources of oil and gas. He would visit new factories, producing cloth, sugar, paper and cement; and he would see the new irrigation schemes in places like the Thal Desert, which turned bare lands into rich farms.

Dr. Rahman picked up his pen, and started to write a reply to his friend. "Dear John," he began, "thank you for your letter. I look forward to your visit with great pleasure ...."

NOTES

Exclamation .. a sudden cry.
(*verb: to exclaim*)
Prehistoric .. existing before any record of events was made.
Plateau .. a flat stretch of high land.
Primitive .. ancient.
Archaeologists .. men who study prehistoric times.
Site .. ground on which a building stood.
Rubble .. pieces of stone.
Formidable .. frightening.
Civic .. belonging to a city.
(*Civics: the study of governments*)
Identical .. alike.
Granary .. a storehouse for grain.
Exported .. sent abroad.
(*Imported: brought in from abroad*)
Features .. parts of the face.

Prosperous	..	wealthy.
Successive	..	one after the other in succession.
He was impressed by (*Adjective: impressive*)	..	it was fixed deeply in his mind.
Straggling	..	not regular; spread out.
Abandoned	..	left.
Encircled	..	surrounded, in a circle.
Images	..	statues in a temple.
Cells	..	small rooms.
Prey	..	victim.
In his train	..	amongst his followers.
Missionaries	..	men who try to convert others to their religion.
Deposition (*Verb to depose*)	..	removal from power.
Mingling with	..	mixing with.
Petitions	..	appeals.
Relics	..	objects which have survived from the past.
Viceroy	..	one who governs on behalf of a king.
Symbol (*Adjective : symbolic*)	..	a sign, or token.
Population	..	the total number of inhabitants.
Irrigation	..	system of bringing water to dry land.

EXERCISES

1. Make up sentences containing these phrases:—

   Give an exclamation; as a safeguard against; more or less; without warning; putting them to the sword; at successive stages; received the surrender; he was impressed by; a new site; a very different affair; fell a prey to; his conversion; in his train; as far as; see relics of; under the rule of; received petitions; a symbol of; he pointed out that; put forward the idea; to bring together; the only solution.

2. Parse the nouns in these sentences:—

Dr. Rahman opened the letter.
Chandragupta's grandson, Asoka, was there.
They could see relics of the Muslim Empire.

3. Find out from your dictionaries the feminine form of these nouns:—

Emperor; king; monk; uncle; nephew; bull; heir.

4. Put commas, full-stops and capital letters into the following, where required:—

It was near the earliest site that alexander the great received the surrender of the king of taxila in 326 b c after conquering greece, egypt and persia this young general had extended his great empire as far as the river beas before his death in babylon.

5. Translate the first paragraph of the chapter into Urdu.

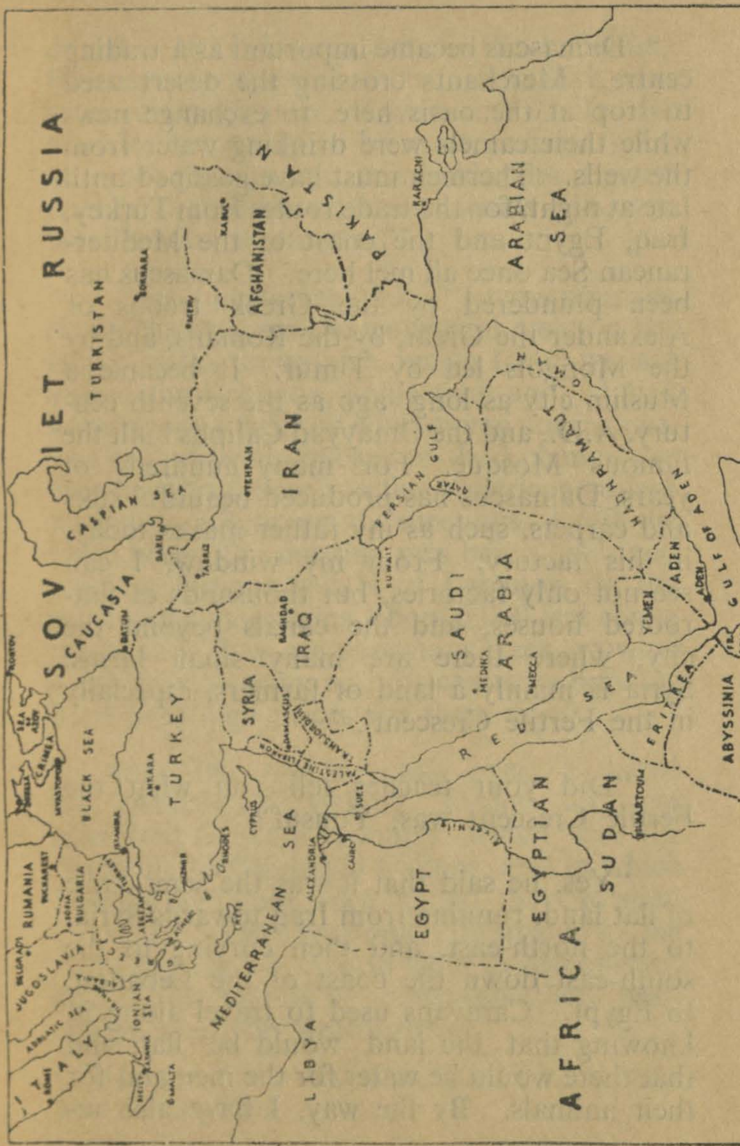
6. Explain briefly why Dr. Rahman decided to take his visitor to see Mohenjo-Daro, Taxila, the Khyber Pass, Lahore and Karachi.

CHAPTER 3

THE ARAB LANDS

It was Yousuf's interest in collecting stamps which first led him to start a correspondence with other boys living in the Middle East. From his home in Cairo, he wrote to boys' schools in various foreign countries, and soon had a large number of pen-friends, scattered throughout the Arab lands. As his correspondence increased, so did his stamp-collection and his knowledge of geography.

"Our lesson in geography this morning was about Syria," he told his father proudly, "and I was able to show the class a letter from my friend, Saeed, about his home in Damascus. He claims that Damascus is one of the oldest inhabited cities in the world. This may seem like an idle boast," he writes, and one which would certainly be challenged by Aleppo, in the north of my country; but it is a fact that one of the world's earliest civilizations grew up here, in about 4,000 B.C., while others were growing up in Mesopotamia and in your country, Egypt. In fact, though it may be tactless to mention it, the Shepherd Kings who conquered Egypt in about 2,000 B. C. came from my country, Syria!


SOVIET RUSSIA
TURKISTAN
BOKHARA
MERV
KABUL
AFGHANISTAN
PAKISTAN
KARACHI
ARABIAN SEA
CASPIAN SEA
TEHRAN
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SOFIA
JUGOSLAVIA
BELGRADE
ADRIATIC SEA
ITALY
ROME
IONIAN SEA
AEGEAN SEA
SICILY
MALTA

" 'Damascus became important as a trading centre. Merchants crossing the desert used to stop at the oasis here, to exchange news while their camels were drinking water from the wells. Thermen must have gossiped until late at night, for the trade routes from Turkey, Iraq, Egypt and the coast of the Mediterranean Sea once all met here. Damascus has been plundered by the Greek troops of Alexander the Great, by the Romans, and by the Mongols led by Timur. It became a Muslim city as long ago as the seventh century, A.D., and the Omayyad Caliphs built the famous Mosque. For many hundreds of years, Damascus has produced beautiful silks and carpets, such as my father makes today, in his factory. From my window, I can see not only factories, but thousands of flat-roofed houses, and the canals beyond the city, where there are many small farms. Syria is mainly a land of farmers, especially in the Fertile Crescent'. "

"Did your teacher tell you what the Fertile Crescent was, Yousuf?"

"Yes, he said that it was the semi-circle of flat land, running from Iraq towards Syria, to the north-east, and then curving to the south-east down the coast of the Lebanon, to Egypt. Caravans used to travel along it, knowing that the land would be flat, and that there would be water for the men and for their animals. By the way, I have also re-

ceived a letter from a boy in the Lebanon. His country must be a very beautiful one, with plenty of trees, flowers and fruit. Its climate, too, seems to be more pleasant than ours, for he says that it is mild, with a great deal of rain, dropped as the winds rise over the Lebanon mountains."

"Yes," his father said, "I remember the damp climate, and the wonderful trees on the slopes of the mountains, which I saw when I visited the Lebanon, some time ago. I had flown to Beirut for an educational conference. The schools and colleges of the Lebanon are excellent, and there is a fine American college at Beirut. Between the meetings, I left the place where the meeting was being held, and saw the famous cedars of Lebanon on the sides of the mountains, about 6,000 feet above sea-level. They are enormous trees, growing at a very slow rate, and for centuries builders have paid high prices for their wood.

"After the meeting was over, I seized the chance of visiting Jordon. I was interested to see a country which was the home of the Ommayid Caliphs, and in which Saladin the Great once fought the Christian Crusaders. I was very much impressed by the Arab Legion. It used to have British officers, and is now one of the best-trained and best-equipped of the Arab armies."

"Did you see the Dead Sea?" asked Yousuf eagerly.

"Yes, I bathed in it, and found that it really was impossible to sink because there was so much salt in the water. The valley is the lowest in the world, being 1,290 feet below sea level."

"Iraq is another Arab country in which I have a pen-friend", said Yousuf. "I should like to go to Iraq one day, as it contains the shrines of Hazrat Ali, at Najaf, and of Hazrat Hussain at Karbala. I should also like to see the ruins of Babylon, whose Hanging Gardens were one of the Seven Wonders of the World. I read the story of how King Nebuchadnezzar married a princess from the mountains, who became homesick after she had lived for some years in the flat country of Iraq. Consequently, the King built a high mound of earth, to please her, and planted trees and flowers in terraces on the sides, pumping water up to the top of the hill, so that it fell in a series of waterfalls to the bottom.

"I should like to go to Saudi Arabia, too. I hope one day to make the Haj, at the Holy Cities of Mecca and Medina. The boy who writes to me form Saudi Arabia surprised me by saying that most of it was a high, rocky plateau, and that there was not a single river in the country. He says that it is extremely hot there by day, and cold at night, in the desert, except on the coastal plains, where it is unpleasantly humid for

most of the summer. Yet he is proud to live there, for it was from this country that Islam sprang. He is proud also of the modern prosperity of the kingdom, and writes in glowing terms of the late King Ibn Saud, who was responsible for making it powerful and united.

"My last pen-friend lives in Yemen. He says that it is a small Kingdom in the south-west corner of the peninsula of Arabia, and that his father grows coffee on a farm near Mocha. He has invited me to visit him, and to go with him to Saba, near the border of Yemen, which the famous Queen of Sheba is supposed to have ruled, once upon a time."

"All the Arab lands have long histories," said his father thoughtfully, "far longer than those of most European countries. In fact, they were civilized nations at a time when many powerful modern countries of Europe were still in a state of barbarism. The Middle East has been for thousands of years the great trading centre, where the trade routes from Europe, Asia and Africa met. The Arab lands have many other things in common, also. First and foremost is of course their religion. Islam teaches us that before God, all men are brothers. So the Muslim Arab States are united in brotherhood. There are many other links, too. In what language do your friends write to you, Yousuf?"

"Why, they all write in Arabic."

"Yes, the language, with its ancient and beautiful literature, is another bond between us. So is our ancestry. All these nations have people of Arab descent. For centuries, the Arab tribesmen have wandered through the deserts, with their herds of sheep and goats, in search of grass and water, as they did in the days before Islam. They are experts at finding their way by noting the position of the sun and of the stars. They have no settled homes—indeed, they do not want settled homes. They prefer a nomadic life, in the fresh air and the spaciousness of the desert. When they need shelter, they have no need to go far; for they carry with them tents made from the hair of goats or of camels. They are wonderful horsemen, and are brave, loyal and



hospitable. Their romantic life has captured the imagination of American and European writers, who live under such very different conditions, in the bustle of big cities. What other things can you think of that the Arab lands share."

"Their climate," said Yousuf promptly. "I have noticed that most of my friends mention that they have hot summers and cold winters, with very little rainfall, except in places such as the hills of the Lebanon. My friend in Iraq says that the Persian Gulf is one of the hottest places in the world, with temperatures of up to 120°F in summer. Consequently all the countries have to have large irrigation schemes, to help the farmers. Our own country, Egypt, and Iraq are fortunate in having rivers which bring down flood water at times, to supplement the water spread over the fields by canals and water-wheels. After reading about the waterless deserts of many countries I now understand why Egypt is sometimes called the 'Gift of the Nile'."

"The chief problem of all the Arab lands is the lack of water," his father said. "Irrigation schemes can transform deserts into fertile farms, but they are extremely expensive to build. You can see what a difference a plentiful supply of water makes, by flying over the Nile valley. From the aeroplane, you can see a sharp

division between the pale brown sand of the desert, and the rich, chocolate-coloured earth of the valley, on which bright green crops are growing.

"Fortunately many Arab countries which used to depend purely upon farming now have another string to their bow. The discovery of oil wells, notably in Saudi Arabia and in Iraq, has brought the lucky countries a steady stream of dollars and pounds, amounting to millions in a year. There is an English idiom, 'to strike oil', meaning to become rich very suddenly. The Arab lands have indeed struck oil, both in a literal and in a metaphorical sense. They produce about two-fifths of the world's total supply, the rest coming from Central America, the US.S.R. and Indonesia. American and British experts have been busy, developing the wells and building refineries, in return for part of the huge profits. The importance to the world today of these wells was shown during the dispute over the possession of the Suez Canal, recently. The other Arab countries supported Egypt, and refused to export their oil. At once the effect was felt in Europe and America, for motor cars, aeroplanes, ships and many trains need oil; and if they cannot move, food and other goods cannot be taken from one city to another.

"There is one more bond which unites the Arab countries. That is a political one.

Nearly all of them have recently been dominated by European nations. France controlled Syria and the Lebanon; Britain controlled Iraq, Jordan and our own country, Egypt; and Italy controlled Yemen. All these countries have shaken off foreign influence in the past forty years. Three of them, Egypt, Syria and the Lebanon, have become republics, and the other four are independent kingdoms. It was Islam which taught that all men were equal before God, and one of the first steps taken during the early days of Islam by the Prophet (peace be upon him), and by Hazrat Abu Bakr, was to free the slaves. In the modern world, there was a violent movement, after both the first and the second World Wars, towards independence. That was when the Arab lands became free; and you will find that many other countries obtained independence at the same time. Here in Cairo, an Arab League was formed in 1945. All the seven Arab countries joined it, as well as Arabs from the Jewish State of Israel. The creation of the League shows that the Arabs lands have not forgotten that they have a common religion, a common language, and a common past. Each land has its own individual glories; but they take pride in the ties which bind them all."

NOTES

Correspondence	..	exchange of letters.
An idle boast	..	a claim not justified by facts.

Simultaneously	..	at the same time.
Tactless	..	hurting other people's feelings.
Gossip (*noun or verb*)		idle talk.
Route	..	road.
Crescent	..	the curved shape of the new moon.
Semi-circle	..	a half circle (semi means half, in Latin).
Caravans	..	groups of people, travelling together for safety.
Climate	..	the normal conditions of weather of a place.
Conference	..	a meeting at which people exchange view.
Crusaders	..	Christian soldiers from Europe, who fought Muslims in the Middle Ages, for possession of Plastine.
Humid	..	damp.
In glowing terms	..	warmly.
Barbarism	..	a state of being savage and ignorant.
In common	..	shared by all.
Nomadic (*Noun: a nomad*)	..	wandering from place to place.
Hospitable	..	giving a warm welcome to guests.
Romantic (*Noun : romance*)	..	poetic, picturesque.
Bustle	..	noisy movement.
To supplement	..	to add to.
Fertile	..	producing fine crops.
Another string to their bow		another source of wealth.
Refinery	..	a place where materials are made pure.
Republic	..	a country in which people, or public, elect their rulers.
Individual (*adj.*)	..	single or distinct.

EXERCISES

1. Make up sentences containing these phrases:—

An idle boast; tactless to mention it; to exchange news; late at night; during an interval; seized the chance; was impressed by; has the distinction of being; became homesick in glowing terms; once upon a time; in a state of; barbarism; many things in common; a bond between them; captured the imagination of; to supplement it; has another string to his bow; struck oil; in metaphorical sense; one of the first steps.

2. Write down the adjectives made fiom these nouns:—

Civilization; barbarism; nomad; romance; hospitality; fertility; irrigation.

3. Parse the pronouns in these sentences:—

The Shepherd Kings who conquered Egypt came from my country.
This letter is from my friend.
He tells me that his country has a pleasant climate.

4. Fill in the blanks with Superlative Adjectives:—

The Lebanon has the —amount of rain.
Damascus is one of the — cities in the world.
The temperature is — by day, and — at night.

5. Translate into Urdu the paragraph beginning "Damascus became important as a trading centre."

6. What things do the Arab lands have in common?

CHAPTER 4

MUSLIMS OF CHINA

Ma Chang was dreaming. He dreamed that his uncle from the northern hills was building a boat which would carry him all the way down the Yellow River near his village, to the sea. Ma Chang, who was twelve, and who had never been outside his village in his life, was very excited. He could hear the tap, tap, tap, as his uncle hammered nails into the boat. The tapping seemed to grow louder, and the dream vanished. Ma Chang turned over on his straw mattress, and pressed his hands over his ears. He did not want his dream to end until he had got into the boat, and had sailed all the way to the sea; but the sound of tapping grew so loud that he could no longer go on sleeping.

He opened his eyes reluctantly. He could not see out of the window, because it was covered with thin white paper, in place of glass, which was very expensive; but the dim light behind it showed him that dawn was breaking. The tapping which he had heard in his dream was very loud. He sat up abruptly. The sound did not come from a hammer: it came from rain, which was coming through the ceiling, and dripping on to the floor. The monsoon which came every year in June had begun.

Ma Chang jumped out of bed. He was a sturdy boy, with a yellow skin and slanting dark eyes. He tidied his long pigtail of black hair, and quickly put on his trousers and loose jacket of faded blue cotton. Then he woke up his five brothers and sisters, who slept near him, and warned them to pull their mattresses away from the patches of rain-water on the floor. As they did so, grumbling at being woken up, he went outside.

By now the rain was stopping. Ma Chang's father was already up. He had placed a ladder against the side of the house, and had climbed up it to inspect the damage. He called cheerfully to his son.

"This rain is good. It will bring cooler weather, and fine harvests."

He had built the house at the time of his marriage, with the help of all his brothers. They had felled small trees, and, cutting off the branches, used the tree-trunks as rafters. The walls were made of bricks of mud, dried in the sun; and the mud roof was held up by the tree-trunks. It was an easy matter to repair it now. Ma Chang fetched some damp mud, and handed it up to his father, who carefully smoothed it into the cracks, which had appeared in the hot, dry weather preceding the rains.

As he finished his work, the sound of the

Muezzin's voice came from the distant mosque, calling the Faithful to prayer. Ma Chang and his father spread out their prayer-mats in the courtyard, and prayed. They were devout Muslims, and it gave the boy a thrill to realise that all over the world, other Muslims were saying their prayers too, five times a day. Although the people in his village were mostly Muslims, descended from Muslim settlers who had come there many centuries before, many of the people who lived in the neighbouring villages were Buddhists, or followed the teaching of Confucius, who lived in China in the time of Buddha. Ma Chang, however, did not feel cut off from his fellow-Muslims, although he lived so far away from Mecca, and amongst so many non-Muslims. He had never seen people from other lands, but he knew that throughout the World of Islam people prayed in the same way, and observed the same rules, and that other boys bore his name, in honour of the Prophet (peace be upon him), although they spelled it Mohammad, and not Mo-ha-ma-da, or simply Ma, in the Chinese style.

Once, during the few years which Ma Chang had spent at school, the teacher, who was also a Muslim, had said to the class,

"Never forget that China, which is the country with the biggest population and the oldest continuous civilisation in the world, nearly became a Muslim country too. In the

8th century, when Islam was rapidly spreading all over the world, the Muslim armies reached the borders of China. Their general called upon the Chinese Emperor to accept Islam. Just at that moment, in the year 719 A.D., however, Caliph Walid bin 'Abdul-Malik died, and the general was assassinated. The Muslim army, losing its leader, made peace with the Chinese Emperor, and turned back; but they left behind some Muslim settlers, whom the Emperor allowed to live there in peace, and to build mosques.

"Over thirty years later, another Muslim army reached China. This army had been sent by the Caliph, in response to an appeal by the new Chinese Emperor for help in crushing a rebellion. The rebels were defeated by the Muslims, and the Emperor was full of gratitude. He encouraged many of the soldiers to settle in his Empire, marrying Chinese women, and he gave them gifts of money and land, in the north-west, where we live.

"Many other Muslim merchants and travellers reached China by sea, and settled in big ports, such as Canton. In Canton today, you can see a mosque, built by Muslim missionaries in the seventh century. In the fourteenth century, the great Arab traveller and author, Ibn Batuta, reached China, and wrote in praise of its fine roads and good government. Many Muslims came here to

seek their fortunes, and some were given high office by the Chinese Emperors.

"Alas, in the seventeenth century, the Manchu dynasty of Emperors came to power, and ruled China for nearly three hundred years. They were enemies of Islam, and persecuted our people cruelly. The new Emperors forbade Muslims in China to make the Haj at Mecca, to build mosques, or to listen to their maulvis. They were also forbidden to open shops or to settle in cities. That is why our ancestors came here, to these villages in the upper valley of the Yellow River, and to the hills beyond, in north-west China, to live as farmers.

"Our position improved after a Revolution had broken out in 1911, on the Double Tenth, as some people call the tenth day of the tenth month, October. Dr. Sun Yat-Sen set up the Kuomintang, or People's Government, bringing to an end the rule of the Emperors, who had governed China for about four hundred years. In turn, the Kuomintang was opposed by the Communist Party, and the struggle between them came to a head at the end of the Second World War. In 1949, a Communist government, called the Central People's Republic of China, was set up at Peking;while the remnants of the Kuomintang government retreated to the island of Formosa. Nearly all the foreign governments have now recognised the Communists as

representing the people of China. Muslims are allowed by it to have freedom to worship in their own way. They have been helped by it to repair their mosques, and to find better jobs. There are now about fifty million Muslims in our country."

Ma Chang had been a lazy pupil at school. He was only interested in becoming a farmer, like his father. Nevertheless, he had listened attentively to the story of the Muslims in his land. He also took to heart an ancient Chinese story which the schoolmaster told his class one day.

"Once upon a time," he said, "there was a poor boy called Yang. His father died when he was only three years old, and his mother worked very hard, weaving cloth, so that Yang could have a good education. At first, Yang was proud to be going to school; but he soon grew lazy, and did not take the trouble to work. One day, he ran away from his lessons, and went home. When his mother saw him come in, she called him to her, and, taking up a knife, cut into pieces the cloth which she had been weaving for several days, and which she intended to sell for a large sum of money. 'My son', she said, 'you are not nearly so sad to see me spoil this valuable cloth as I am to see you leave your studies.' Yang was so ashamed of himself that he went back to school at once, and from then on worked very hard."

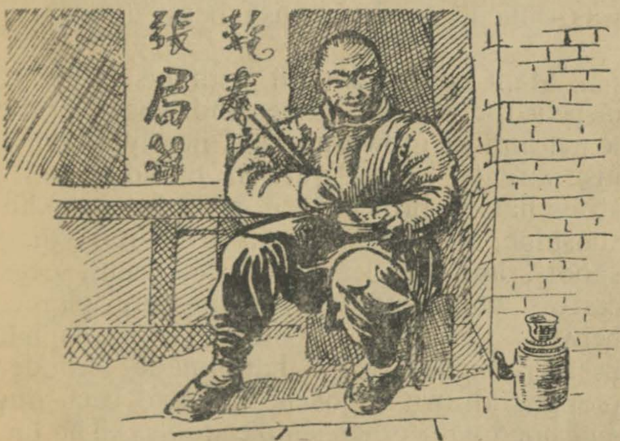
As Ma Chang listened to this story, and realised that the schoolmaster was looking at him as he spoke, he blushed!

When the morning prayers were over, Ma Chang and his father went indoors. Their house was built to face the south, so that in the cold winter months, the rooms were warmed by the sunshine. There were several rooms, for Ma Chang's elderly grandparents lived there, too, as well as several uncles with their children. There were very strong ties between members of Chinese families, and those who were young and strong were expected to help the others, and to show great respect to their elders. Some non-Muslims had a special room in their houses in which they hung pictures of their ancestors, and worshipped before them several times during the year, offering gifts of food and money.

At one end of the house was the kitchen, and there the women had been preparing a meal of boiled millet, soya beans and noodles, made from wheat flour. Rice was expensive in this part of northern China, where corn was the main crop: for rice was chiefly grown in the valley of the other great river of China, the Yangtse Kiang, which flowed parallel with the Yellow River, further south. The women prepared the food on the big stove, four feet high, made of clay bricks. On top was a hole which held an iron cooking pot; and behind the stove was another hole, into which the

fuel was put. There was another small stove in the kitchen, on which a kettle was always boiling, so that any member of the family could come in at any time to make himself a pot of tea, or to sit by its warmth in the cold winter days.

Everyone had his own bowl and pair of chopsticks. These looked like long, thin knitting needles. Ma Chang learned, when he was a baby, to hold these chopsticks in his right hand, and to scoop up the food deftly with it, not leaving a single grain of corn in his bowl.



He gave himself a large helping of soya beans, which he enjoyed eating. His mother looked on with approval, saying that they were very good for him. She also used the leaves of the soya bean as a vegetable, and pressed oil from the beans as fuel for the lamps.

After breakfast, the women cleared away the dishes. Ma Chang's mother and grandmother began to spin cotton thread, which later they would weave into cloth for winter clothes for the family. Some of the other women took the dirty clothes down to the river, to wash them, beating them with a stick on flat stones. Three of the children went off to school, while the smaller ones played in the courtyard, amongst the pigs, the hens and dogs. Both the boys and girls were dressed alike, in loose cotton coats over trousers, and with long black pigtails swinging behind them as they played: so that it was difficult to distinguish between them.

Ma Chang went off with his father to inspect the fields of millet and wheat, proud to be almost grown-up, and nearly as tall as his parents. They put on broad-brimmed straw hats to protect themselves from the hot sunshine, as they stooped over the young shoots, and the leaves of the beans, peas, carrots and potatoes, which were planted between the rows of corn. The fields had been ploughed with hand-made wooden ploughs, drawn by oxen, and had been dug and hoed with other simple tools. The farmers worked hard, and lived simply on what they could produce on their own land, following the methods which had been in use for centuries: for they rare y went outside their villages, and knew little of modern methods of farming.

Ma Chang's father grunted with satisfaction when he saw how the rain had moistened the fields. In the previous year, there had been a drought. Scarcely any rain had fallen, and the crops had withered in the brown fields. There had been a famine, in consequence, and the youngest child had died.

Ma Chang, however, feared heavy rainfall as much as he feared a drought, for too much, rain meant disastrous floods for the farmers who lived near the Yellow River. This mighty river rose in Tibet, and flowed eastwards to the sea, carrying along with it a great deal of the yellow mud which gave it its name, and which it deposited in the plains. Crops grew in abundance on this rich yellow mud; and yet farmers feared the river, calling it sometimes "China's Sorrow". For sometimes the river deposited so much mud that the level of the water rose, until the river overflowed its banks. For centuries, Chinese farmers had tried to keep it within its banks, by building high dykes on either side. By now, Ma Chang could see that the river bed was above the level of the plain on either side, with the dykes sticking up above it. Now and then, however, after heavy rains, the river would rise even above the level of the dykes, and would sweep furiously across the plain, drowning many people and animals, and ruining the crops; and then it would change its course, so that new dykes had to be built alongside it.

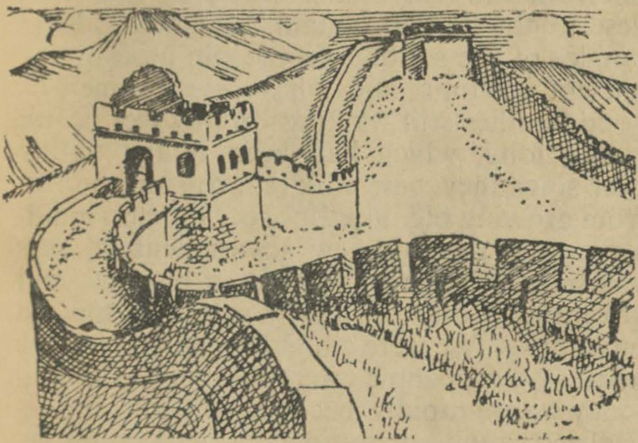
Suddenly Ma Chang's little brother came running excitedly across the fields to them. "Our uncle from the north has come," he called out.

Ma Chang was thrilled. "I dreamed of my uncle this morning," he told his father, "and see, now he is here."

His uncle had come all the way from the loess hills in the north, where many Muslims lived, to see his relatives once more. The loess which lay thickly on these hills was a fine, yellow powder, blown here and there by the wind, on which excellent crops of cotton and tobacco could be raised. The soil was fertile, but the region suffered frequently from a lack of rain. The uncle and his family lived in caves, cut from great banks, of loess. Fine houses could be made in such a way, staying cool in summer, and warm in winter, and having the additional advantage that if the family required more space, they simply cut out an extra room. Ma Chang thought that it would be very exciting to live in such a home.

His uncle was an object of awe to him, for he was a great traveller, going hundreds of miles to sell the tobacco and cotton which he grew. Once he had seen the Great Wall of China, which the Emperor Chin had built along the northern border of his lands to keep out invaders. It was made of brick and stone,

filled in with earth, and was about 30 feet high and 13 feet wide, with watch-towers rising at intervals, where soldiers kept watch for enemy tribes. The country of China was said to have been named after this great Emperor.



This uncle had also been all the way to Peking, the capital of China.

"What did it look like?" asked Ma Chang, who had never seen a city in his life.

"You must imagine long streets of houses, each one much bigger than your home," said his uncle. "Round all the houses is a great high wall, which has sixteen gates. Inside the city are fine gardens and temples, with curved roofs; and in the very centre is the Forbidden City, where our Emperors once lived, and which no one outside the court

was permitted to enter. Peking is a mixture of the old and the new. There are the old temples, and palaces, and the fine paintings, and sculpture, which our country developed during the many centuries when she was cut off from the rest of the world by the Gobi desert, the high mountains of Tibet, and the jungles of the south. People still observe our ancient customs, and I have seen women of good families still walking on tiny feet, a few inches long, which had been bound tightly ever since they were children, to stop the feet from growing big, like those of common maid-servants. Yet this new government of ours has built modern factories and cinemas and government offices, side by side with the old buildings. We were a highly civilised country when other people were barbarians; and today we are rapidly become a highly industrialized modern nation. Few countries have lived through such a rapid change in so few years."

Ma Chang listened with awe to his uncle. He was proud of belonging to a country so vast, and so ancient, which now was undergoing changes which he could scarcely imagine. It gave him equal pride to think that he was one of many millions of Muslims, who had varied ways of living, but who observed the same Faith, and studied the same Quran.

NOTES

Reluctantly .. unwillingly.

Abruptly	.. suddenly.
To grumble	.. to mutter a complaint.
To fell	.. to bring to the ground.
Rafter	.. piece of wood on which the roof rests.
Continuous	.. going on without a stop.
Continual	.. going on, with short breaks.
Assassinated	.. murdered.
Dynasty	.. a succession of rulers, all of the same family.
Remnants	.. remains.
Blushed	.. went red.
Noodles	.. a paste of flour and water, cut into strips.
Fuel	.. anything which can be burned, e.g., wood, coal.
Shoots	.. young plants.
Drought	.. a long period without water.
Famine	.. a shortage of food.
Deposited	.. laid down.
Dykes	.. high banks of earth, to keep back flood water.
Thrilled	.. full of excitement.
Invaders	.. soldiers entering a country, to conquer it.
Sculpture	.. the art of making figures from wood, stone, etc.
Industrial	.. having many factories.

EXERCISES

1. Make up sentences containing these phrases:—

   Dawn was breaking; to inspect the damage; it was an easy matter; it gave him a thrill; did not feel cut off; called upon him to; made peace with; in response to an appeal; to crush

a rebellion; full of gratitude; the dynasty came to power; took to heart; did not take the trouble; strong ties between them; difficult to distinguish between; in consequence; had the additional advantage; an object of awe; named after.

2. Pick out examples of the use of colons, semicolons and inverted commas, in this chapter. Write down two sentences to show the use of each.

3. Write down the verbs in the second paragraph of the chapter, saying whether they are transitive or intransitive.

4. Translate the second paragraph into Urdu.

5. In what ways does Ma Chang's life resemble the life of a farmer's son in West Pakistan?

CHAPTER 5

SUNNY LANDS OF INDONESIA

Mr. Ahmed Szado came briskly down the steps of the Merdeka Palace, in Djakarta, the capital of Indonesia. It was December 27th, and he, in common with many other leading citizens, had been attending a reception to mark the anniversary of the founding of the Republic. Before 1949, the building had been the home of the Dutch Governor-General. He represented his Queen, thousands of miles away in Holland, who then ruled over the numerous islands of the Dutch East Indies: Java, Sumatra, Celebes, parts of Borneo and New Guinea, and countless other smaller islands. But in 1949, Ahmed had seen the Dutch flag being hauled down in front of the Palace, and a new red and white flag raised in its place. The Dutch colonies had become the independent Republic of Indonesia.

Ahmed stepped into his car, and drove past the impressive Government buildings to his home, in one of the new suburbs. As the car passed through the great square, Medan Merdeka, he remembered another notable day, towards the end of the Second World War, in 1945, when he had stood there with thousands of other citizens of Djakarta.

Japanese troops then occupied the city, which they had captured during the war; but they were powerless to prevent the people from gathering and shouting repeatedly their slogan, "Merdeka! Merdeka!" which, in their language meant "Freedom!" Afterwards, the Palace and the square had been given the name "Merdeka", too.

Those two days were memorable ones for Ahmed, for he had spent most of his life working for the formation of the new nation. For centuries, the islands had been dominated by foreigners, attracted by their rich supplies of rubber, tea, tin, sugar and spices. The Portuguese merchants were the first to come, in the sixteenth century. When Ahmed was a child, his mother used to tell him a favourite story about a brave young Muslim called Falatehan. Falatehan had been brought up in north Sumatra, one of the Indonesian islands. He was heart-broken when it was conquered by the Portuguese. Sadly, he left his home, and, after making a pilgrimage to Mecca, found refuge in the island of Java. His two burning ambitions were to spread Islam amongst the people there, and to drive out the Portuguese. In 1527, part of his dreams came true. The Portuguese attacked an important port, on the north-west coast of Java. Falatehan gathered together an army, and led them to victory, driving the Portuguees away. He took possession of the port, making himself its new ruler; and he re-

named it "Djajakarta", or "Glorious Victory". It was in this city that Ahmed lived, its name by now having been abbreviated to "Djakarta".

Just over seventy years after Falatehan's triumph, Dutch merchants arrived. They were not the only people who wanted to carry on a profitable trade with the islands. The British were also interested. They, too, settled at Djakarta. Soon their rivalry with teh Dutch merchants came to a head. Fighting broke out, in which the town was burned down, and the British were driven away. From then on, for over three centuries, the Dutch remained masters of the islands. They rebuilt the port, naming it "Batavia", after their place of origin in Europe; and they erected fine houses for themselves similar to those in Holland, regardless of the fact that they were quite unsuitable for a tropical climate.

Ahmed was a small boy when the Islamic Association was founded, in 1911. This was started as a religious organisation, but later on, it became semi-political, standing for the end of Dutch rule. Other political societies with similar aims were afterwards founded. When Ahmed wsa a College student, in 1927, he heard that a young graduate named Soekarno, a few years older than himself had started one of these societies, called P.N.I. (Indonesian Nationalist Party). This young

man, who spent years in Dutch prisons, was now President of Indonesia.

Many of Ahmed's friends comforted themselves by repeating an old prophecy that one day a foreign army would drive the Dutch away from the islands. The invaders would, in their turn, be defeated, and the islands would then become free. This prophecy actually came true. During the Second World War, Japan was at first neutral. Then, in 1941, she attacked the United States of America, and her Allies, which included Holland. In 1942, Japan seized many of the Pacific islands, and amongst these were the Dutch East Indies. To win the goodwill of the inhabitants, they changed the name of the leading port back to "Djakarta". The Japanese were not left long in possession of their new lands. In August, 1945, they surrendered to the U.S.A. and her Allies, and a few days later, the jubilant islanders proclaimed their independence of all foreign rule. The Dutch did not let matters rest there; but their attempts to recover their former empire failed. On 27th December, 1949, the free Republic of Indonesia was officially born.

As Ahmed recalled these stirring days, his car drew up outside his home. He had a modern house, with a fine garden, overlooking the large bay. From there, he could see the big liners and aeroplanes arriving from

all over the world, as well as small sailing boats, gliding amongst the numerous little islands in the bay. These islands, with their palm-trees and glittering white beaches, were favourite places for picnics. Ahmed's small sons had been for one there that afternoon and were eager to tell him all about it. As Java lay only a short distance south of the Equator, it was sunny all the year round, with an average temperature of 80°. It was also very wet, with one monsoon coming from the north from December to March, and another coming from the south from April to October. Fortunately for the boys, that December day was sunny and without rain. They had seen the coral reefs which lay under the sea close to the little islands, and had watched fish of brilliant colours, swimming amongst them, in the clear water.

"You ought to have stayed at home, instead, to study your lessons," said Ahmed, to tease the boys.

One of them replied by quoting an old Indonesian proverb, "The bow cannot always be bent. And we cannot always be at our studies, can we, father ?" he said.

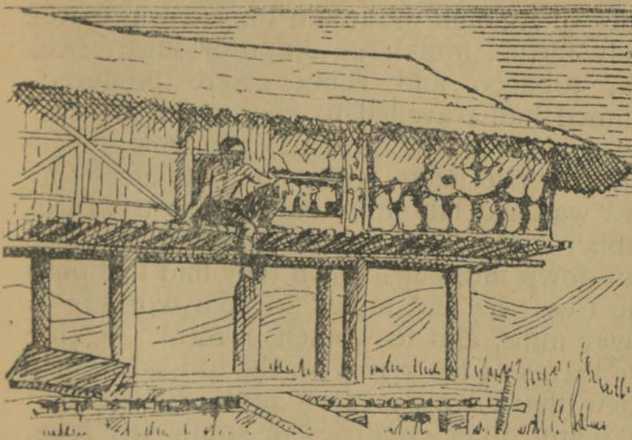
That night, after eating his evening meal of curried chicken and fruit with the family, Ahmed withdrew to his study. There, he kept souvenirs of many places in the islands which he had visited secretly before 1949,

when he was working for the freedom of his nation. It had been dangerous work. The Dutch had put him in prison, though he had been released when the Japanese soldiers had arrived. Yet he had seized every opportunity to encourage the demand for independence for the Indonesians, in all parts of the islands.

He picked up an ivory ornament. That had been given to him by some members of a tribe of Bataks, who lived in Sumatra. Sumatra was the most westerly of the islands of Indonesia, and one of the largest. It lay close to Malaya, and was cut almost in two by the Equator. Like the other islands, it had high mountain ranges, whose sides plunged deep down below the sea. In some places round the islands, the ocean was deeper than the highest mountain in the world, Mount Everest. Many of the mountain peaks in Sumatra were volcanic. Some of these volcanoes still were active from time to time. Many years ago, a volcano on an island between Java and Sumatra, which was thought to be extinct, suddenly blew up with such force that the entire island disappeared.

Ahmed had visited many parts of Sumatra, seeing the magnificent forests and the grassy plains. He had caught glimpses of tigers and elephants, from whose tusks ivory ornaments, like the one which he was holding were made. The Bataks had given it to him, after he had visited one of their

houses, to tell them of the movement for independence. They lived in a long wooden house, built high above the damp ground, on tall poles.



Many families lived in such houses, each in one large room with a fire-place in the middle, and the corners screened off for use as bed-rooms. A trapdoor was cut in the roof above each room, for ventilation. The houses were decorated with wood carvings, for the Bataks were clever at making designs in wood and ivory. On the ground beneath the house, they kept goats, pigs and chickens.

Next to the piece of ivory was a stone ornament from a Javanese temple, built in the seventh century. Many of the people were then Buddhists, though, like the people of Sumatra, most of them became Muslims

when missionaries arrived in the islands later to spread the teachings of Islam.

Java, lying next to Sumatra, was thickly populated. Its rich volcanic soil, on the sides of its high mountain ranges, was extremely fertile, and large crops of sugar, rice, tea, tobacco and rubber were produced. Ahmed had travelled to all corners of Java. He had seen the farmers, ploughing their terraced rice fields, with water buffaloes ; he had watched labourers cutting the trunks of rubber trees, and letting the valuable juice run down into cups which they had tied onto the trees; he had talked to men working in sugar mills, and to women peasants, picking the leaves of tea plants on the hill-sides. He knew that Java's greatest problem, like that of many other countries in south-east Asia, was how to find food and work for all its people. Thanks to the improvement in medicine and sanitation, Java had ten times the number of people that it once had, in 1800. These people had to work harder in order to produce enough food to go round.

On the wall beside the two ornaments hung a blow-pipe from Borneo, north of Java, and lying beside Sumatra, on the Equator. Borneo was one of the biggest islands in the world, with high mountains and dense forests. Ahmed once went on an expedition to one of the tribes who lived in these forests. They were hunters, living on wild animals which they trapped or killed in the jungle.

With the help of an interpreter, Ahmed talked to these people. They were short, with brown skins and dark brown hair, and were called Punans. They showed Ahmed how skilfully they could use their blow-pipes, wooden tubes, about seven feet long, with a



short spear tied to the end, in order to keep animals at bay. Through these pipes, they blew darts of palm-wood, as sharp as needles, and about eight inches long. The end of each dart was first dipped in poison, made from the juice of a tree. Ahmed was amazed to see how silently the Punans could creep through the forest, and shoot these deadly darts at wild pig, or monkeys, which they afterwards ate.

The Dayaks, who lived on the coast and besides the rivers of Borneo had offered

Ahmed a human skull as their present. Many of them were once head-hunters, though the practice was fortunately dying out. Ahmed has shuddered when he had seen the head, and had declined it with thanks. He was glad when he was presented instead with a fine blanket in bright colours, woven with the traditional skill of the Dayak women. He liked the Dayaks, who were lively and talkative. He attended one of their feasts, after they had been chanting prayers to their numerous gods for five days. He noticed how, during the feast, bowls of food were set aside for these gods, who might have been angry if they had not been invited.

A piece of pottery decorated Ahmed's study, from Celebes, east of Sumatra. The people there were Muslim, tall, with black hair and pale skins. They were sindutrious, busy all day hunting, fishing, or looking after their crops of rice, sugar and spices. Like many of the other island people, they wore sarongs—wide lengths of cotton cloth, about twelve feet long, wound round their bodies.

The last object at which Ahmed looked was a small gold ornament from the beautiful island of Bali, east of Java. This island was famous all the world over for its fine scenery, its ancient Hindu temples, and its delightful people. The Balinese were energetic farmers and clever draftsmen, making fine

objects of gold and silver, pottery and wood, alndweaving beautiful engths of silk. The - were gay and hos pitable, and loved to give feasts, and to watch dramas and dancing by professional performers. The graceful movements and brilliant clothes of these dancers made their performances unforgettable.



As Ahmed put these souvenirs back into their places in his study, he smiled with pleasure at the memories which they brought to him. The days which he had spent, secretly talking to these people of freedom from foreign rule, and observing their various customs, had been happy, though dangerous, ones. He was thankful that he could travel freely through Indonesia now. The people could rejoice at being members of one of the many Asian states which were gradually gaining their independence—the vigorous young Muslim Republic of Indonesia.

NOTES

Briskly	..	in a lively, alert way.
Reception	..	a formal party at which an important person is host, and receives the guests.

Anniversary	..	the annual celebration of the day on which something important happened
Hauled down	..	pulled down.
Citizens	..	inhabitants of a city.
Slogan	..	a war-cry or motto.
Suburbs	..	districts on the edge of a city.
Memorable	..	not to be forgotten.
Heart-broken	..	full of sorrow.
Abbreviated	..	shortened
Profitable	..	making large gains in money.
Rivalry	..	competition.
Came to a head	..	reached a climax.
Place of origin	..	place from which they came.
Graduate	..	one who has taken a degree.
Prophecy	..	something which is foretold.
Neutral	..	not helping either side in a war.
Allies	..	countries which help each other in a war.
Jubilant	..	triumphant.
Stirring days	..	exciting days.
To glide	..	to move smoothly and easily.
Coral	..	hard substance, white or pink, left by the skeletons of small creatures beneath the sea.
To tease	..	to make gentle fun of.
Proverb	..	a short traditional saying.
Volcano (*Adj. volcanic*)	..	a mountain from which steam. lava, etc., is forced out.
Extinct	..	dead, no longer active.
Glimpse	..	a brief view.
Ventilation	..	the passage of air round a room.
Sanitation	..	the protection of the health of a community.
Expedition	..	a journey.
At bay	..	at a distance.
Declined	..	refused to accept.

Professional (*the opposite is amateur*)	..	practising sport or an art for money.
Souvenir	..	an object kept in memory of a place or person.

EXERCISES

1. Make up sentences using these phrases:—

To mark the anniversary; were powerless to prevent; he was heart-broken; found refuge; his burning ambition; led them to victory; its name was abbreviated; came to a head; fighting broke out; regardless of the fact that; to win their goodwill; left in possession; did not let matters rest; to tease them; quoting a proverb; seized every opportunity; enough to go round; at bay; declined with thanks; made them unforgettable.

2. Study the third paragraph, starting:—

"Those two days were memorable ones......"

Which of the verbs in it are in the active, and which are in the passive form?

3. Translate the third paragraph into Urdu.

4. Make up sentences to show the differences in meaning between these words:—

Raise, rays; beside, besides; seize, sees; prey, pray; immigrate, emigrate; principle, principal.

5. Describe how Indonesia obtained its independence.

CHAPTER 6

BUDDHIST LANDS OF THE FAR EAST

My name is Wu Nu, and I live in a village in Burma. My house is made of wood, with a roof of plaited teak leaves, and it was built high above the ground on posts, like the homes of people in parts of Indonesia. Lizards bask in the sun, on the verandah, while stray dogs prowl around on the ground below, looking for food.

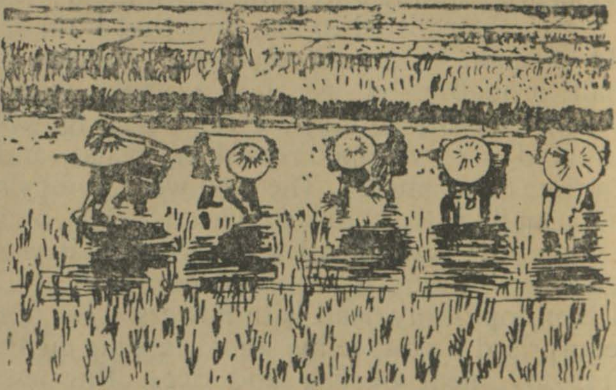
Round the village is a high bamboo fence, for protection against robbers and wild animals, and in it is a gate, which is closed at night. Just outside the fence is a white-washed pagoda, and a monastery, where the monks educate the boys from the village : for we are nearly all Buddhists. Each day I say my prayers and offer rice to the priest, with his shaven head and his yellow robe. He is the spiritual guide of our village, while our civic leader is the headman, elected by the villagers, who is responsible for the collection of the revenue, and the maintenance of law and order.

If you ever visit my village, you will find my house at the end of the street, beyond the bazaar. You will probably see me sitting on the verandah, where I can wave to the people

passing by, talking and jesting with them with a freedom permitted to me, now that I am an old woman. Like all Burmese women, I shall probably be wearing a short white jacket, over my loongyi, a tube of brightly-coloured silk, wrapped round my waist, and reaching to my ankles. The men wear loongyis too, usually with coloured jackets. My hair is grey, now, but when I was a girl, and it was black and shining, I used to decorate the roll of it on top of my head with flowers. Do not be surprised if you see me smoking a big cigar, after my meal of fish and rice. Burmese women like them as much as the men do.

You will find the climate here similar to your own in West Pakistan : for northern Burma is roughly on a level with Karachi. We have three seasons : a dry, cool winter, a dry, hot spring, and a wet, hot summer, when the monsoon comes, in June.

Like your country, again, Burma is primarily agricultural. All the countries of south-east Asia grow a great deal of rice. We are able to export a great quantity of it, for, unlike India on one side, and the countries of Indo-China, Indonesia, and the other Pacific lands, on the other, Burma and Thailand are in the pleasant position of having comparatively small populations. Rice grows well here. The monsoon bring moisture during the growing season, when it is needed, and then, when it is time for the



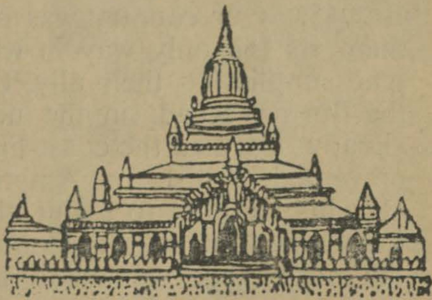
harvest, the floods have disappeared, leaving the ground firm and dry, and covered with rich soil, ready for the next crop. Farmers find it easy to grow rice, with simple hand-made tools, and can keep it for long periods, unharmed by the hot, wet weather.

We also export rubber, and oil, which comes from wells in the valley of the Irrawaddy River. Another of our products is teak, a hard wood which is valuable for use in building houses and making furniture. The tall teak trees take 150 years to grow. When they are at their full height a circle is cut in the bark round their trunks, to kill the trees. They are not cut down for three or four years, so that the dead tree can become dry. When the wood has lost its moisture, it is lighter, and after the trees have been felled, elephants can drag the

logs to the rivers, on which the logs float down to the ports.

The rivers are our chief highways. There are few good roads, and travel along the rough tracks by bullock cart, or on the back of an elephant, is extremely slow. High ranges of mountains run from north to south, with deep, swiftly-flowing rivers in between. The greatest of these is the Irrawaddy, with its big delta, on which stands Rangoon, our capital and chief port.

Because of the absence of good roads, I have unfortunately not been able to visit my second son, who lives with his wife in Rangoon. I should like to have visited the Shwe Dagon pagoda there, too, for it is a place which many Buddhist pilgrims travel far to see. I like to think that it was a notable woman, Shin Sawbu, a queen who ruled Burma in the 15th century, who added to its beauty by giving gold equal to her own weight, to cover its spire.



Yet even without stirring outside my village, I have witnessed many changes during

my lifetime. Burma originally was an independent kingdom, fiercely resisting Chinese invasions from the north, and the attempts of Portuguese, Dutch and British merchants to establish trading forts on the coast, in the south. In the nineteenth century, however, after a clash between Burmese troops and British troops in Bengal, Burma was conquered by the British, and became no more than a province of India.

The first change that I saw was in 1937, when Burma was at last separated politically from India, and given the right to manage her own internal affairs. The second change came in 1942, during the Second World War, when the Japanese drove the British out of Burma. British troops invaded Burma again in 1945. Our country was of importance to them, as the only way in which they could send supplies to their ally, China, was along the Burma Road, in the north. Japan had already occupied the coast-line of China, and prevented British or American ships from carrying supplies to China that way. When the war was over, the people of Burma, like the Indonesians, demanded full independence; and our country became a free Republic on 4th January, 1948, a few days after independence was granted to Indonesia. Thus I have seen Burma in the hands first of the British, and then of the Japanese, ending up as a free nation.

During my long life, my religion has been of great importance to me. When my children were small, I loved to tell them the story of the Buddha. I used to describe to them the fine palace in which this noble and accomplished prince lived, in a small state in northern India, in the 6th century, B. C. I told them how his father, the king, surrounded his beloved son with beautiful possessions and laughing companions, and of the shock which Prince Gautama experienced when he drove outside his palace, and saw for the first time sickness and old age and death. I told them how he could no longer find satisfaction in the idle, luxurious life of the court; how he abandoned his home and his family, in order to live a life of prayer aud fasting, how at last, when seated under a Bo-tree, he found the religious truths for which he had been seeking, so calling himself the Buddha, or "the Enlightened One"; and how he died at the age of eighty, after many years of teaching and of meditation



My two daughters enjoyed listening to the short fables which the Buddha used to tell, in order to illustrate points in his teaching.

One of these showed how the biggest things are not always the most important or powerful. "Once", said the Buddha, "there lived a magician, who wished to find a husband for his daughter, and who resolved to marry her to the most powerful thing in the universe. First he went to the sun, and asked him to marry her ; but the sun said 'Unfortunately I am not the most powerful thing. Look at that cloud, which hides my face. He is stronger than I am.' So the magician went to see the cloud; but the cloud said, 'The wind is stronger than I am. He tosses me wherever he pleases.' Then the magician went to the wind, who said, 'That mountain is more powerful than I am. He is so tall and broad that I cannot get past him. Finally, the mountain said, 'Stoop down, and look at that tiny mouse. He is more powerful than I am. He can make a hole in my side, and live in it, and I am powerless to stop him.' So the magician changed his daughter into a mouse, and the two mice were married, and lived happily ever after."

Both of my daughters are married, and live far away, in other Buddhist lands. One lives in the kingdom of Thailand, on the eastern border of Burma. She did not find the way of life there very different from my own. The climate, with its three seasons, the crops grown and the food eaten, are similar to our own; and like us, the Siamese people have light brown skins and black hair.

Thailand, or Siam, as it used to be called, had however a different history. It has always been an independent kingdom, except for the few years during which the Japanese occupied it, in the last war. During the nineteenth century, when so many countries in south-east Asia were dominated by foreign powers, Thailand remained free, its independence being guaranteed by the two major powers on either side of it—France, in Indo-China, and Britain, in India and Burma.

The Siamese are a happy-go-lucky people. Like us, they take life easily, and prefer the leisurely existence of the country to the bustle of factories. The people who work in the small number of mills, polishing rice grains or cutting up teak logs, to be exported, are mostly Chinese. Many Chinese immigrants have settled in Thailand. They are industrious and thrifty, and control most of the country's trade. There are many Chinese shops in Bangkok, the capital and chief port, on the river Chao Phraya. You should visit Bangkok, to see its numerous Buddhist temples, with their gay curved roofs made of tiles, and to watch the people living on house-boats in the harbour.

This daughter and her husband are great travellers. They once made a pilgrimage to the island of Ceylon, another Buddhist land, at the southern tip of India. Ceylon, too, is now a Republic, although,

like India and Pakistan, it has remained within the British Commonwealth. My daughter and son-in-law arrived at its capital, Colombo, which has a magnificent harbour, and fine, white stone buildings. From there, they went by car up the excellent road to Kandy, with its Buddhist temple beside a deep lake. Many pilgrims visit this temple, for it contains what is believed to be a tooth of the Buddha himself, as well as a fine library of Buddhist works. Ceylon is a stronghold of Buddhism, and was one of the first countries outside India to receive Buddhist missionaries, sent by the famous Indian emperor, Asoka, in the third century B. C.

The people of French Indo-China, where my other daughter and her family live, are also staunch Buddhists. They have something else in common with the people of Burma, Indonesia and Ceylon—their desire for Independence. Centuries ago, the country was dominated by the Chinese. The people still have many Chinese characteristics. Their appearance, their language and customs, and the way in which many of them worship their ancestors, are typically Chinese; and modern Chinese immigrants carry on most of the country's trade and industry. Then, in the eighteenth century, French merchants and missionaries arrived, and Indo-China became a French colony.

During the last war, the Japanese occupied this country, too; and, as in many

other countries, the people demanded their independence, as soon as the war was over, and the Japanese had gone. A bitter struggle took place between the people and the French troops, with heavy losses on both sides. At last, a compromise was reached. Indo-China now consists of three states, independent, but closely linked with France in matters of trade and defence. They are the Kingdoms of Laos, in the mountains of the north-west, and Cambodia, in the plains of the south-west, and the republic of Viet-nam, along the east coast. Communist troops from China helped the people who were fighting for freedom ; and the Communists now dominate Viet-nam, especially its northern half, on the borders of China.

Three quarters of the people of Indo-China live in the plains, growing rice. The busy port of Hanoi stands at the mouth of the Red River in the north, in that part of Viet-nam which is strongly Communist. Saigon is the great city near the mouth of the other river, the Mekong.

Although my family are now scattered amongst the lands of south-east Asia, I do not feel cut off from them. I know that their way of life is similar to my own. The similarities between our countries are greater than the differences. We all live in lands with great ranges of mountains running from north to south, and mighty rivers, pro-

viding our main transport, between them. We all have a monsoon climate. We all are nations of farmers, growing rice and producing rubber and teak, leaving trade mainly to the Chinese. We all wear loongyis, and eat a diet of rice and fish. Our lands were all occupied by the Japanese during the Second World War; and our people all struggled for their freedom after the war had ended. Above all, the same Buddhist religion unites us all. Even though I may never see my family again, I feel linked with to them in spirit.

NOTES

Stray	.. wandering.
Pagoda	.. temple.
Revenue	.. the income of a State.
To jest	.. to make jokes .
Primarily	.. mainly, essentially.
Comparatively	.. in comparison with others.
Product	.. that which is produced, i.e., made or grown.
Delta	.. the soil or mud spread out like a fan, at the mouth of a river.
Notable	.. important, outstanding.
Spire	.. tall, pointed top of a temple or church.
Without stirring	.. not moving.
Witnessed	.. seen.
Internal affairs	.. matters inside a State, in contrast to its foreign policy and trade.
Accomplished	.. capable of doing many things well.
Luxurious (*noun: luxury*)	.. surrounded with costly and comfortable things.
Fasting	.. going without food.

Enlightened	..	having found thetruth.
Meditation	..	deep thought.
Fable	..	a short story withamoral.
Season	..	part of the year.
Guaranteed	..	bound bya solemn promise
Happv-go-lucky	..	light-hearted.
Thrifty	..	saving money, economical.
Stronghold	..	a place where there is strong support.
Staunch	..	loyal.
Characteristics	..	special qualities.
Compromise	..	agreement, in which both sides give up something.

EXERCISES

1. Make up sentences using these phrases:—

In the pleasant position of; when it is time for; find it easy to; at their full height; anotable woman: without stirring outside; witnessed many changes; a clash between; became no more than; given the right to; in the hands of; could not find satisfaction; to live a life of; I am powerless; way of life; happy-go-lucky people; take life easily; a stronghold of; typically Chinese; heavy losses on both sides; a compromise was reached.

2. Make adverbs from these words:

primary; comparison; internal; luxury; thrifty; staunch; characteristic.

3. Translate into Urdu the third paragraph, beginning "If you ever visit my village........... "

4. Find a newspaper cutting about each of the Buddhist Lands mentioned in the chapter, and brfin it to class.

5. Write a short essay on the following:—

"The similarities between our countries are greater than the differances,"

CHAPTER 7

JAPAN—THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN

Tama stood at the front door of her home in Tokyo, shading her head with a gay, paper parasol. It was a sunny day in April, and she was full of excitement, for her parents were going to take her to see the cherry blossom outside the city. She was a very pretty girl, small, like most Japanese women, but wearing wooden shoes with thick soles to increase her height. She had a pale yellow skin, and large, slanting dark eyes, and her shining black hair was piled elaborately on top of



her head over pads, and held in place by jewelled pins. She wore a beautiful dark blue silk kimono embroidered with pink flowers. It was a long, loose robe with wide sleeves, and was held firmly in place by a pink obi, a silk sash fifteen feet long and one foot wide, wound twice round her waist, and tied in a large bow at the back.

Tama's mother was proud of the beauty of her grown-up daughter; but she knew that

this alone would not enable the Nakohdo, or professional match-maker, to arrange a good marriage for Tama. It was true that some young Japanese men and women were now copying Western Ways, and were becoming engaged to be married without reference to a Nakohdo; but Tama's parents were conservative, and they intended to arrange the marriages of their daughter and two sons in the time-honoured way. They hoped that when the time came, the Nakohdo would be able to go to some distinguished family whose son was looking for a bride, and to praise Tama with justice not only for her beauty, but also for the quiet, graceful manners and the accomplishments which were indispensable for a bride.

With that in mind, the mother had trained Tama carefully. When Tama was a few days old, a cousin had given her the traditional gift of a toy dog with big ears and a curly tail, made from white paper. The dog had been placed beside the baby's pillow, to keep watch over her at night, driving away ghosts, and eating up bad dreams which would make the baby nervous and fretful. When Tama had reached the age of six, she had attended a day school in the city. She was clever and popular, and her teachers had suggested that she should be sent to the University; but her parents had decided to take her away from school when she became sixteen, and to complete her training at home,

according to the old custom, so that she could learn how to run a household.

Tama enjoyed helping her mother in the home, and preparing for the time when she would be married, and have a house of her own. There were many things to be learned. First, she had to learn how to take care of the house. Most people in Tokyo, except those who were wealthy, lived in small one-storied houses with tiny gardens; for the capital had a population of over six million people, clustered together at close quarters. The houses, however, were beautifully made and proportioned. Tama's home was made of wood and plaster, with sliding doors and windows covered with transparent oiled paper. Although the rooms were only eight feet high, the house gave visitors the impression of spaciousness, because the inner doors could be pulled back, along the grooves, transforming several small rooms into one big one.

The house was deliberately made of light materials, so that it could withstand the shock of the earthquakes which periodically devastate Japan. The four big islands and many little ones which make up Japan lie within the semi-circle round the Pacific Ocean which is noted for earthquakes and volcanoes. Tama's parents had visited the famous volcanic mountain, Mount Fuji, which is the highest peak in Japan. They were not

alarmed by the slight earthquake tremors which occurred almost daily in the city; but they remembered with horror the great earthquake which shock Toyko in 1923. Houses tumbled down then, and oil lamps and charcoal stoves were knocked over, setting fire to the houses of paper and wood; and many fugitives who had escaped death in the city were drowned in the flooded country outside. Altogether nearly 100,000 people lost their lives then, including a cousin of Tama's father. The ruined parts of Tokyo were rebuilt, and new buildings of steel and concrete were erected along wide streets in the business quarter of the city, to the east, in the hope that they would withstand earthquake shocks and fire better. Part of Tokyo was destroyed again by bombs dropped by the United States Air Force, during the Second World War; but by now it had been rebuilt. Tama's parents kept their most precious possessions in chests of drawers which could be taken apart, so that if another severe earthquake came, each member of the family could carry away one section to safety.

Tama was taught to keep the house spotlessly clean, to paste fresh white paper in place of the old paper over the window frames when required, and to see that there was not a single mark on the thick cream mats which covered the floor. No Japanese would dream of entering a house and walking

over these mats in his dirty shoes. He would take them off at the front door, assisted by a maid-servant, and would walk about indoors in his socks, which had thick soles. There was not much furniture for Tama to keep clean. There were no chairs, for the family sat on mats on the floor. When they were ready for a meal, the maid brought in a low table, about one foot high, and they sat or knelt round it, while eating their meal of fish, vegetables and rice. There were no beds, either. At night, the maid spread thick cotton mattresses, covered with cotton quilts, on the floors of the main rooms. Tama was careful when she slept not to use a big pillow, for that would have disturbed her elaborate style of hair-dressing. Instead, she rested her neck on a small, hard pillow, placed on a wooden block, so that her head touched neither the pillow nor the ground.

Although her home was bare, it was made beautiful by the fine polish on wooden walls, by the fine paintings which hung on one wall, and by the Toko-no-ma, arranged by Tama herself each morning. The Toko-no-ma was a stand of polished wood, a few inches high, bearing a beautiful vase containing flowers or leaves. One of the best teachers in the city had been employed to teach Tama how to arrange it. Not more than three objects were placed in it at a time. That morning, Tama had chosen a maple twig, a spray of blossom and a jade ornament.

Each twig was cut and arranged according to strict rules. Perhaps a tall twig would be placed at one side, representing a man, with a shorter twig next to it, and a tiny twig below, representing a woman and a child.



Like most Japanese, Tama loved flowers. The duties which she enjoyed most were the arrangement of the Toko-no-ma and the care of the exquisite little garden behind the house. Although the city was so crowded that the garden only consisted of a few square yards of earth, it had been made into a perfect replica in miniature of a country scene, with tiny mountains, rivers and forests. The central "mountain" was a rock three feet high. Behind it was another rock, appearing like a distant peak. In front of the central moun-

tain was a vast lake, several feet wide, containing gold-fish; while a river poured over the side of a third mountain at one side, and hurtled down into the lake, forming a giant waterfall, nine inches high! Tall trees, a few inches high, shaded an island in the centre of the lake. In front of the lake, near the house, was a stretch of sand, and a stone on which Tama loved to sit, to enjoy the best view of the landscape.

Tama learned how to create such a garden, choosing rocks of the correct size, and drawing water by a modern pumping system up to the top of a mountain, to create a river. She learned, too, to cover the mountains with moss so that it appeared like grass; to arrange plants so that they seemed like trees; and to clean the rocks so that they sparkled in the sun. Each fallen leaf was carefully removed, and every twig was cut to the required length.

In one corner of the garden, there was a little pavilion built of stone, where Tama's father and his guests would sit and drink green tea, drunk without milk or sugar. Tea-drinking on ceremonial occasions in Japan was an elaborate affair. Every detail of the preparation of the tea, the type of cups used, and the manner of drinking it was laid down by ancient tradition. Tama had to learn how to do it all correctly, and how to play the lute afterwards, to entertain her guests.

Her love of flowers made her impatient now to be off to see the cherry blossom. She looked round eagerly as her parents came out of the house; her father, pale and wearing spectacles, dressed in Western clothes, and her mother, small and plump, dressed in her new kimono and obi. Walking respectfully behind them, Tama followed them to the railway station, where they took a train for the country, beyond the Emperor's palace.

In the railway carriage, Tama could hear her father talking to another man about the political situation. He was worried about the overcrowding of the population. Nearly 100,000 people lived in Japan, and the problem of finding work and food and houses for them all was the most serious one which faced the government.

"I do not approve of war," said the other man, "but I think that our government was justified in occupying Manchuria and the coastline of China in the 1930's, and seizing many of the Pacific islands during the Second World War. We have insufficient room here for our own people, and both the American and the Australian governments restricted the immigration of Japanese settlers to their countries, although every one knows that they are thrifty and hardworking. The government here had no choice but to take new lands for our people by force."

"Evil is always repaid by evil," said Tama's father gloomily. "Look how the Chinese defeated our army and recovered their territory, after the War was over, and how the atomic bombs, dropped on two of our cities by the Americans, forced us to surrender. American troops occupied our country for several years, and many of our industries were ruined. We have a grave problem to feed our people, as everyone admits. Our only solution today is to win the sympathy and help of other countries, and to solve the problem peacefully."

As the train passed through the suburbs into the country, Tama could see people picking tea, and planting rice on the terraces of the hill-sides. When the train stopped, and the family had reached their destination, travelling by rickshaws, drawn by running coolies, Tama clapped her hands with pleasure. Before her was an old Buddhist temple. Since, like most Japanese, Tama's family were Buddhists, they stopped there for a short time to pray. Then they moved on to a famous garden, now gay with spring flowers, and joined the people who had also come from the city, to walk up and down an avenue of cherry trees, and to admire the blossom.

When they were tired of walking, they went to a stone pavilion, where Tama's father hired one room. When they had washed

their hands, they sat down on the mats on the floor, admiring the view of the garden, and the sound of a waterfall, while they waited for a maid to bring them some food. Soup was brought first, in tiny black and gold bowls of lacquer. These bowls had been made of wood, covered with as many as thirty coats of lacquer, which was a type of varnish. After each coat of lacquer had dried, the bowls had been polished. The soup was followed by numerous small bowls, each containing a few mouthfuls of delicious food; hot and iced fish, noodles, vegetables and rice, eaten with chopsticks, and fruit. Tama herself was a good cook. When she married, her husband would expect her to be able to give him meals beautifully cooked and attractively served for the Japanese enjoy good food. The meal ended with cups of strong tea, while Tama's father had a glass of warmed wine.

Tama felt sleepy on the journey home. She could hear her father talking to several men about the development of new industries in Japan. She knew, from her classes at school, that her country people were famous for the skill with which they could imitate foreign goods. Fifteen centuries ago, they had copied Chinese art, literature and forms of government. Then, from the 17th to the 19th centuries, Japan closed her doors to all foreigners, and forbade her people to go abroad. This long period of isolation ended when American ships under the command of

Commodore Perry arrived at a Japanese port, in 1853, and demanded that American merchants should be allowed to trade with Japan. The Japanese were afraid of the formidable modern American warships. They permitted foreign trade and in 1868, a vigorous young Emperor:took over the control of the government, and introduced many reforms, based on foreign ideas. Since then, Japan had rapidly become an important and up-to-date power, with film, textile and manufacturing industries. Tama had seen many factories in Tokyo, producing goods which were sent all over the world from the harbour of Yokohama, the bay at Tokyo being too shallow for large ships. She reflected that Japan was rising in importance, like the rising sun portrayed on its flag. The Japanese regarded the sun with special respect, believing that their Emperors were descended from the sun goddess.

Seeing that her father was busy talking, Tama moved closer to her mother, who smiled, and began telling her a story about the cherry blossom which they had just seen.

"Once upon a time," she said, "there lived a Japanese boy, who loved flowers as much as you do. One day, he found a beautiful little tree, growing in the forest. He took it home, and planted it in his garden, looking after it with as much love as if it had been his brother. In spring, when the flowers came into blossom, he marvelled at their

beauty; for it was the first cherry tree, and on one had ever seen any tree so lovely before. For many years he looked after it, and people came from far and wide to admire it, and to take shoots from it to plant in their own gardens.

"At last both the tree and the man became old. Winter came, and the tree was dying. Our cold winter weather was killing it. The man longed to save his precious tree. So he lay down at the foot of the tree, across its roots, to try to warm them into new life. When morning came, the man was dead from the cold, but the tree had recovered, and was flowering once again."

The moon had risen when they reached home. Tama's father took off his stiff Western clothes, and, putting on a loose cotton robe, went into the garden to admire the moonlight. His two sons, who had come home from the University which they attended daily, listened to Tama's excited account of the excursion, while the maid brought in the mattresses and quilts, and arranged the mosquito nets. Enclosed safely inside her net at last, while the maid softly closed the sliding door of her bedroom, Tama fell happily asleep.

NOTES

Parasol ... sunshade, shaped like an umbrella.

Soles	..	the under-parts of shoes.
Elaborately	..	with great artistry.
Conservative	..	sticking to old ways.
Time-honoured	..	ancient and respected.
Indispensable	..	absolutely necessary.
Traditional	..	customary.
Fretful	..	vexed, irritable.
One-storied house	..	house with all the rooms on the same level.
Beautifully proportioned.		with all their parts of the right size and shape to make the houses as a whole beautiful.
Transparent	..	able to be seen through.
Grooves	..	long, narrow hollows cut so that something can slide along in them.
Spaciousness	..	plenty of room.
Periodically	..	from time to time.
Devastate	..	lay waste.
Fugitives	..	people fleeing to safety.
Chests of drawers	..	pieces of furniture, with several drawers, one on top of antoher.
Replica in miniature	..	a copy, on a small scale.
Landscape	..	scenery.
Lute	..	a stringed musical instrument.
Destination	..	place to which one is going.
Isolation	..	being alone.
Excursion	..	a short journey.

EXERCISES

1. Make up sentences containing these phrases:—

   Full of excitement; without reference to; in the time-honoured way; were indispensable; with that in mind; clustered together; lost their lives; in the hope that; no one would dream of; a replica in miniature; to enjoy the view; laid down by tradition; had no choice but to; a grave problem; win their sympathy;

clapped her hands; introduced many reforms; from far and wide.

2. Make a list of the conjunctions used in this chapter.

3. Rewrite in Indirect Speech the two paragraphs in inverted commas, on pages 74 and 75.

4. Translate the story told by Tama's mother about the cherry tree into Urdu.

5. Pretend that you are a Japanese girl. Write a letter to a Pakistani girl, describing your home.

CHAPTER 8

THE ABORIGINES OF AUSTRALIA

It was several days since Yabu had seen another man. On that occasion, he had been about to cross the road leading to Darwin, on the north coast of Australia. A car travelling northwards had pulled up abruptly, and a white man had got out. Yabu had seen several cars before, on the farm on which he had worked, and therefore he was not frightened. The white man had shouted something to him, but Yabu knew only a few words of English, and he had not understood what the man was saying. Then the man had taken a small black box out of the car, and had pointed it at him. Yabu had seen a box like that before. He understood that it was called a camera. He was alarmed, for he believed in magic, and feared that the man was attempting to cast a spell over him. So he had turned tail, and fled as fast as he could go, into the flat, open country beyond the road. The white man had called out gently to him, but Yabu had continued to run until the car was out of sight. Since then, he had been careful not to cross roads until he had made sure that no one was in sight.

A week ago, he had been working, with thirty other aborigines, on a cattle "station",

or farms, of 200 square miles, about one hundred miles south of Darwin. The station was run by three Europeans, who had come out to Australia, like so many others, hoping to make their fortunes by raising cattle or sheep on its vast plateaux. They had not done as well as they had hoped. In the first place, they disliked the tropical heat of northern Australia in the summer, which, as the continent lay south of the Equator, came during December, January and February. They had difficulty, too, in finding a breed of cattle which would stand up to the shortage of water there. It was true that there was a heavy rainfall during the three summer months, but hardly any rain fell during the rest of the year, and the farm depended upon wells for its water supply. The shortage of water was one of Australia's major problems. Finally, the three Europeans found it hard to get good workmen to help them on the station. They relied upon the aborigines, and had learned some words of their language, so that they were able to get on well with them.

Some of the aborigines were content to work there, and to draw good wages and food. For a time, Yabu, too, had worked contentedly with them, becoming used to the shirt and trousers which he had been given to wear, and to the strange, pleasant food. Yet after some weeks, a primitive impulse to return to the life to which he was accustomed impelled

him to give up his job. The wild, free life of a wandering hunter had once more irresistably attracted him.

He was not afraid to be alone, without carrying either food or water, in the vast, open country. On the contrary, he felt a renewed sense of freedom, especially after he had thrown away the shoes which he had been given on the station. He walked more easily with bare feet. Like all aborigines, he was a nomad, that is, he had no permanent home, but wandered from place to place in search of food. He had no fear of going hungry, for he was a superb hunter, like the rest of his tribe, and used to go out each day, with his spear, hunting animals in the woods, or sailing in his canoe to look for fish.



Now, with his keen eyesight, he detected a wild bee entering its hive, and followed it,

to obtain its honey. He was able to do this with impunity, for wild bees in Australia have no sting. He found some berries, too; and then he felt thirsty. Searching carefully amongst the rocks, he came upon a hollow in some softer rock, worn away by the sand, blown by the wind. Sufficient dew had collected there during the night to quench Yabu's thirst.

Yabu knew, too, how to catch wild animals and birds by imitating their cries. He had often gone hunting with his brother in search of emus; for emu meat was a great delicacy. These great birds, six feet tall, could notify, but relied for their safety upon the speed with which their long legs carried them over the ground. Yabu could not catch up with them when they ran away, but his cunning was more than a match for theirs. He knew that emus were inquisitive birds. He therefore dug a deep hole in the ground, and stood in it, buried up to the waist. Then he covered his head and his arms with the skin of a dead emu. While he waved them about, his brother lay in wait behind a bush, imitating the cries of an emu so exactly that the emus near by were deceived. When they heard the cries, and saw what appeared to be another emu making strange movements on the ground, they approached, peering inquisitively at it. Yabu and his brother then quickly seized the opportunity, and killed

several of the birds with their spears, before the emus could run away.

Yabu's other weapons consisted of a stone club and a boomerang. The boomerang was an ingenious weapon. It was a flat stick, curved to form an angle. Grasping one end of it, Yabu would hurl it through the air, with a twisting movement, at a bird. If he failed to hit the bird (though this rarely happened, for his aim was remarkably good), the weapon would spin round in a great semi-circle, and would return to his hand. Yabu did not know which of his ancestors had invented this weapon, but he was grateful to him for saving him so many weary walks in search of fallen sticks or spears. Sometimes, on the cattle station, the white men used to have a shooting competition, using their rifles, which frightened the aborigines with their loud bangs. Yabu and his companions used to admire the men's skill; but when they themselves began to compete at throwing their boomerangs, it was the white men's turn to gasp with admiration.

Yabu knew that the white settlers of Australia, with their prosperous modern cities, were amazed at the primitive life led by the aborigines. Yet the aborigines had cause for pride, as they were the original Australians. Indeed, the word "aborigine" means one of the original inhabitants of some country. Long ago, perhaps 40,000 years ago or more, they

had sailed to the island continent of Australia in rafts or canoes, probably from south-east Asia or from the Pacific islands. They were tall and black-skinned, with wavy hair, broad noses and wide mouths. From that day on, they had lived as they had always done, wearing scarcely any clothes, making fire by rubbing two sticks together, and living by hunting wild animals, or by eating ants, snakes and berries. They had never discovered how to make bows and arrows, how to write, or how to grow crops or to domesticate animals. The climate of northern Australia was warm enough for them to sleep out of doors; but if they wanted shelter in wet weather, they made simple huts from the



bark of trees, which they hung over poles set in the ground. In the twentieth century they

were still living as their ancestors had done in the Stone Age.

The white men did not reach Australia until the eighteenth century. For many years before that, sailors from Holland and England had taken home reports of a vast, desolate land inhabited by wild, black men, in the south Pacific. They called the land "Australia", which simply means "in the south". It was English explorers, notably Captain Cook, who eventually took possession of the huge island, towards the end of the eighteenth century; and it was English convicts, sentenced to exile for life, who were the first white immigrants, settling in 1788 at the spot which is now the site of the great port of Sydney, on the south-east coast.

When these first settlers arrived, about 300,000 aborigines were living in Australia. Their number dropped sharply, as the white men pushed them out of the more fertile lands, and passed on to them European diseases, such as influenza. At one time, it appeared as if the aborigines might die out altogether. Then the Australian government stepped in, reserving certain parts of the country exclusively for the aborigines, and giving them food, blankets and medicine; and now it is estimated that there are at least 47,000 aborigines, mainly in the north-west.

Yabu was walking now with long, swift strides towards one of these reserves. He felt homesick. It was high time to be back amongst his own people. He remembered the proud day when he had been initiated as a fully-grown member of his tribe. He had been in his teens, then, and he had had to demonstrate his skill as a hunter, and his courage, to prove that he was fit to be a member, for his tribe could not afford to have any weaklings. One of the tests had been to endure the bites of hundreds of ants, without crying out, as he lay in the hot sunshine, stretched out on the ground beside their nest. Yabu could still feel in imagination those sharp bites all over his body, tormenting him for what seemed like endless ages; yet he grinned now with pride, as he recollected how he had proved his manhood, by enduring the pain without letting one cry escape from his lips. His reward had come after the ordeal, when all the tribesmen had come up to congratulate him, and had taught him the secrets which they jealously guarded, of their tribal rites.

Yabu remembered, too, the happy times when he had taken part in tribal dances, called corroborrees. He and the other men had spent days beforehand, painting each other's bodies with coloured clay, and chalk, in designs representing their tribal emblem, the emu.



Their bodies were already covered with patterns, made by cutting themselves with sharp knives, and rubbing clay into the wounds before they had healed. It was a painful process, making these raised marks on their bodies, but Yabu reflected that one must suffer to become beautiful! When they were all ready, the corroborree began, and continued until the dancers grew weary. Although the aborigines did not know how to make beautiful poems, or carvings, or textiles, their singing and dancing were famous. They usually portrayed some hunting incident, or some fight between two tribes. As they sang of these glorious events, the dancers sometimes became so excited that the scenes became too realistic, resulting in injury to someone.

Yabu's pace quickened as he reached the tribal territory. He had to be careful not

to enter the hunting-ground of another tribe, for they might kill him, if they caught him. Moving silently and swiftly on his bare feet, Yabu made straight for his own ground. Somewhere there, amongst the gum trees, he would find his tribe.

All at once he stopped. It seemed to him that he could hear the sounds made by people moving. He lay down, and put one ear to the ground, so that he could listen more easily. Men were moving towards him—not white men, for they were not wearing shoes. He crouched behind a bush, and looked cautiously ahead, waiting to see whether the men were friends or foes. His quick eyes soon caught sight of them, the men walking ahead, looking for game, and the women following, digging with sharp stones for plants. They were from his own tribe, which was on the move once more.

Yabu silently took off the shirt and trousers which he had worn on the cattle station, and buried them out of sight, behind the bush. He would not need them here, amongst his own people. The simple length of cloth which he wore round his hips was enough. He felt happier when he had got rid of these last traces of civilisation, which reminded him of the enclosed life on the station, amongst the white people. He stood up, and stretched himself, smilinghap pily. The life of a free nomadis, was honcemore.

Then he walked forward proudly, as shouts of welcome came from his tribe. Yabu had come home.

NOTES

Spell ..	words with magic powers.
Irresistable ..	unable to be resisted.
With impunity ..	without being punished.
To quench ..	to satisfy thirst.
More than a match for	far greater than.
Inquisitive ..	full of curiosity.
Ingenious ..	skilful, clever.
Desolate ..	lonely.
Convicts ..	criminals sentenced to imprisonment.
Exclusively ..	soely.
It was high time ..	the limit of time had been-reached, and action was needed without delay.
To initiate ..	admit to a group.
Ordeal ..	a severe test.
Emblem ..	symbol.
Textiles ..	even cloth.

EXERCISES

1. Make up sentences, using these phrases:—
To cast a spell; turned tail; no one in sight; to make their fortunes; in the first place; able to get on well; with impunity; to quench his thirst; a great delicacy; more than a match for; lay in wait; seized the opportunity; his aim was good; it was their turn to; cause for pride; they stepped in; it was high time; could not afford to have; in imagination; a painful process; made straight for; on the move.

2. Pick out the adverbial and adjectival phrases in the first paragraph of the chapter.

3. Translate the first paragraph into Urdu.

4. Pick out the correct synonyms for these words:—

Abruptly (smoothly, suddenly, cautiously).
Careful (sadly, wise, watchful).
Content (unwilling, attractive, satisfied).
Inquisitive (stupid, innocent, curious).
Desolate (lonely, powerful; brave).

5. What are the chief differences between a primitive life, such as the life of the aborigines, and a civilized life?

CHAPTER 9

SUNNY VIOLENT SPAIN

The day was a fiesta, a feast-day of a famous Christian saint; and no one in the little town on the hill-top, in southern Spain, near Seville, was more excited than 8-year old Pedro. He woke up early, and wriggled with delight, as he thought of all the thrilling things that were to take place that day: a service in Church, in the morning; a fair at night, with many wonderful things to see and eat; and, most important of all, a bull-fight in the afternoon. Pedro's father was a matador, famous throughout Spain for the skill and courage with which he fought fierce bulls before large crowds. He had promised his son many weeks beforehand to take him to see the bull-fight for the first time, at the fiesta, and to teach him to become a matador, too, when he grew up.

Pedro jumped out of bed, ran to the window, and pulled back the shutters. It was cool, for it was still early; but Pedro was always hungry, and now he badly wanted his breakfast. He washed himself hastily, and not too thoroughly, and put on his new black trousers and clean white shirt. Then he ran downstairs, taking two steps at a time.

His home was a pleasant one, for his father was a popular and successful man. The great matadors were heroes to the public in Spain, and their autographs and photographs were collected by small boys, just as those of baseball players are collected in America, and those of cricketers are collected in Pakistan and England. Pedro's father had been a peasant, and he had been brought up in a stone cottage, sleeping on straw on the hard earth, amongst the pigs and chickens; but now he was a rich man, and owned a fine stone house, built round a courtyard. Pedro loved to sit in this courtyard, with its well, and its pots of flowers, for it was always cool, even on the hottest days of summer. Temperatures in the summer were sometimes very high, and at noon, Spaniards closed the shutters of their houses, shut up the shops, and enjoyed a siesta, or sleep. In winter, it was often cold and wet, and then they clustered round small charcoal stoves, which could be carried from room to room, wherever they were wanted.

Pedro's father was sitting now in the courtyard, drinking a cup of chocolate from a silver cup, and eating rolls of bread, with butter and jam. His wife was making more hot chocolate, wearing an apron to protect her best dress, which was kept for feast-days such as this. It was of black silk, with a tight bodice and a full skirt, and set off her white skin and brilliant dark eyes long dark hair.

Before she set out for church, she would add diamond rings and a brooch, and a black lace fan, and would set a high jewelled comb in her hair, over which she would drapea black lace veil, called a mantilla.

Pedro's pretty sister, Rosalie, was eating breakfast, too. She was thirteen, and was already a tall, tender girl, with the gracefull walk and flashing black eyes for which Spanish women are famous. She, too, wore the traditional black dress of Spanish women, but because she loved bright colours, she had put on a gay, red silk shawl, and had put a red flower in her hair. Like other girls, she was kept in fairly strict seclusion, and spent much of the day peeping down at the people



in the street, from behind the bars of her window. This was perhaps a tradition handed down from the days when Spain

had been ruled by the Muslims, and their women had observed purdah.

Rosalie was a studious girl, and she loved to read stories of Spanish heroes of long ago. After breakfast, she went off to her room to look at one of her favourite books. She read how cave men in Spain, thousands of years ago, had drawn vivid pictures of bulls and oxen on the walls of their caves, which can still be seen today. She read how the Greeks thought that Spain was on the edge of the world, because they knew nothing of the countries beyond the shores of the Mediterranean Sea. She read how the Romans conquered Spain, building fine roads and bridges, houses and public baths, which are still standing; and how at last their Empire was over-run by Christian barbarians, called Visigoths.

Rosalie also read the story of how a Visigoth king, called Roderic, so angered his people with his tyranny that some of them sent an urgent appeal for help to the Muslim Governor of Morocco, Musa. In the year 711 A.D. Musa sent his famous general, Tariq, with a small army to the rescue. The great rock by which Tariq and his army crossed into Spain was called the Hill of Tariq, Jebel Tariq (or Gibraltar) after him. Although Rosalie was a pious Christian, like most Spaniards, she loved tales of courage,

and she was thrilled as she read how, when Tariq saw his little army facing the mighty army of the Visigoths, he boldly ordered that the boats in which his men had crossed should be burned, so that they had no alternative but to fight or to die. In a fierce battle not far south of Rosalie's home, the large army of the Visigoths was defeated, and King Roderic was killed. Soon the Muslims had conquered nearly the whole of Spain, driving the Visigoths back to the Pyrenees, the chain of mountains which divide Spain from the rest of Europe.

Seven centuries of enlightened Muslim rule followed. The Muslims brought peace, tolerance and learning to the land, encouraged farming and industries, and built mosques, schools and palaces. Visitors still come to Spain from all over the world to admire such fine Muslim buildings as the Alhambra palace, and the mosque of Cordova, with its nineteen bronze gateways.

At last the Christian kings recovered their strength, and drove the Muslims out of Spain in 1492. A succession of kings ruled in Spain, encouraging the growth of the magnificent Spanish literature and art, until a rebellion broke out in 1931. In 1936, Spain was torn by a Civil War between the conservative, pious party and a Communist, antireligious minority. The former group won, and their government, led by General

Franco, has done its best to improve the economic situation of the country, and to preserve peace, keeping Spain neutral during the devastating Second World War.

The church bells now began to ring, calling the people to prayer. Pedro and his family got ready unhurriedly, and walked up the steep, narrow street to the big church, exchanging courteous greetings with their friends, as they went. Spaniards rarely hurry, and are always extremely polite.

It is a failing of theirs that they often put off until the next day the work which should be done at once. They prefer to sit, smoking and drinking wine, and talking endlessly. In consequence they neglect their farms and their industries, and the education of their children. It is only in Catalonia, in north-eastern Spain, that the people are hard-working and energetic, and it is there that the majority of the few Spanish factories are found.

The short service was an elaborate one, with the solemn ritual, and beautiful music and the clouds of incense which Spaniards love. Afterwards Pedro's father took the family for a walk among the olive orchards on the sunny hill-side. Vines and oranges also grew there, and down on the plains farmers grew rice and tobacco and cotton; but it was the olive trees, with their small green fruits and their grayish-

green leaves, which were the major crop of the farms near Seville.

Pedro's father explained to his children why that was so. "You know that we do not often have rain here, even in winter," he said. "Most crops need plenty of moisture; but the olive can grow even in our dry climate. It has long roots, which grow deep down under the ground, in search of water. You can see, too, what tough, leathery leaves it has. The olive stores up moisture inside them, after the winter rains, and very little moisture is lost through their thick skins during the spring."

Pedro had earned some pocket-money that September, climbing up a ladder in the orchards, with a basket hung round his neck, and picking the olives while the fruit was still green. Afterwards he sorted out the best fruit, which was sent to the oil mill. He had gone to the mill, to see how the fruit was crushed between two revolving stones, so that the juice ran out into big tanks. After some days, the water in the juice sank to the bottom, while the valuable oil in it rose to the top, where it could be collected. Many thousands of bottles of olive oil were exported from Spain each year. The Spaniards enjoy eating pickled olives, and use the oil for cooking, in the manufacture of soap, as fuel for their lamps, and as a lotion to be rubbed into stiff and weary limbs.

The family walked slowly back to their home for their heavy mid-day meal of soup, fish, meat, and vegetables, fruit, cheese and biscuits and wine. Pedro ate so much of everything that he fell sound asleep afterwards, in the heat of the afternoon; but he was wide awake, and full of excitement, as soon as his mother came in to say that it was time to leave for the bull-fight.

His father had by now changed into the traditional costume of the matador. He wore a short white silk jacket and waistcoat, embroidered with gold, and tight silk trousers, reaching as far as the knees. His silk stockings were pink, and his wide-brimmed hat and flat shoes were black. Over it all he had flung a great pink satin cloak, heavily embroidered with gold thread. Pedro and Rosalie gasped with admiration when they saw him coming slowly down the staircase.

Their mother took them off to the seats which had been kept for them, besides the circular arena. She was nervous for several matadors had come to grief during recent bull-fights. The Spaniards loved this violent sport, but sometimes Pedro's mother wished that she had married an obscure man who had a less dangerous occupation.

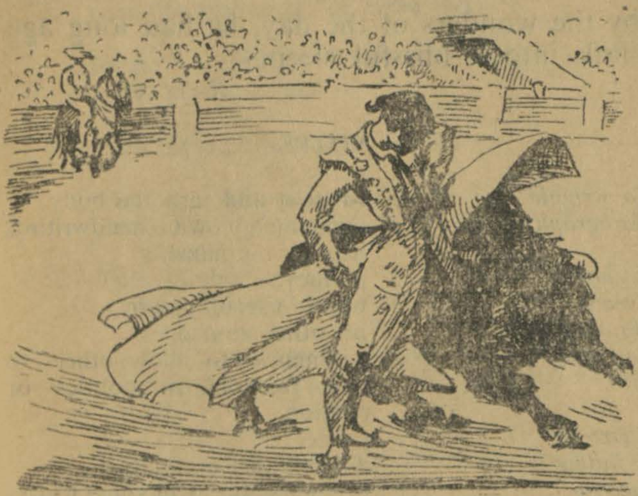
Pedro gripped the arms of his chair in his pride, as the matadors all strode over the sand into the centre of the arena. They

were followed by their assistants, the picadors, who rode on horses which were protected from the sharp horns of the bulls by padded armour, made of cotton and leather. Then the most important person present amongst the spectators threw down the key of the door behind which the first fierce bull waited. One of the matadors, with his assistants, stood in the arena, ready to fight the bull, while all the other matadors withdrew, to await their turn.

The last matador to display his skill was Pedro's father. There was a great burst of applause from the crowd, as this famous matador threw off his great cape, and stepped into the arena. In his left hand, he held a red cloak, draped over a stick, with which he would attract the attention of the bull; and in his right hand was the short sword, with which he would finally try to kill it.

The crowd rose to its feet in admiration, as he stood alone facing the great bull, encouraging it to charge at him, by waving his red cloak at it, and then moving out of the way in the nick of time, by the smallest possible movement of his body.

It was a wonderful display of skill and courage. The matador needed a cool head, for the least mistake in judgment would have ended in his death on the sharp horns of the bull. He had many hair-breadth



escapes, but always his skill and experience averted disaster. At last, after showing his complete mastery over the angry beast, he plunged his sword into the back of its neck, killing it instantly. It had been a triumph for him, and an afternoon of joy to his small son, whose heart nearly burst with pride, as he watched his father receive the ears and tail of the bull as a tribute to his skill.

The great day ended with a fair in the city. Although the Spaniards are usually proud and reserved, they become noisy and merry at fairs. In the cool night air, the people of the city danced and sang, and drank wine, and chatted to each other gaily. The sounds of their fiesta continued long into the night; but Pedro heard nothing of them. Worn out

by the wonders of the day, he had long ago sunk into a blissful sleep.

NOTES

To wriggle	.. to twist and turn the body.
Autograph	.. someone's own handwriting, usually his name.
Seclusion	.. privacy.
Tyranny	.. unjust use of power.
No alternative	.. no other course.
Tolerance	.. willingness to allow others to have freedom, in politics or religion.
Courteous	.. polite.
A failing	.. a weakness, or fault.
Incense	.. perfumes, burnt in some Christian churches.
Pickled olives	.. olives preserved in salt or vinegar.
Come to grief	.. been hurt or ruined.
Obscure	.. unknown.
In the nick of time	.. only just in time.
Needed a cool head	.. needed to keep calm.
Averted	.. prevented.

EXERCISES

1. Use these phrases in your own sentences:—

In strict seclusion; overrun by barbarians; an appeal for help; came to the rescue; called after him; no alternative; enlightened rule; exchanging greetings; a failing of theirs; earned some pocket-money; sound asleep; wide awake; came to grief; await their turn; burst of applause; in the nick of time; a cool head; hair breadth escape; burst with pride.

2. Give the synonyms for these word:—

Obscure; courage; famous; trsadition; help (noun); polite; tradition.

3. Turn these phrases into clauses:—

He was a rich man, *with a fine stone house.*
Pedro fell sound asleep, *in the heat of the* afternoon.
Their mother took them to the seats which had been reserved for them, *beside the circular area*
He held a red cloak, *draped over a stick*, with which he would attract the attention of the bull.

4. Translate the paragraph starting "The great day ended with a fair", into Urdu.

5. What are the following:—

Loongyi; obi; boomerang; matador; kimono; blow-pipe: long-house; pagoda.

6. Describe some of the amusements of the Spanish people.

CHAPTER 10

SOUTH AMERICA'S ANCIENT CIVILIZATION

There are few parts of the world which have not been visited by explorers. The days when adventurous people could travel to far-off, unknown lands are nearly over. Comprehensive and up-to-date facts and figures about almost every corner of the globe are now available. Nevertheless mystery and romance have not yet entirely vanished. In the great continent of South America, there are patches of impenetrable jungle, in the valley of the River Amazon; there are remote ravines in the Andes mountains, almost unknown, except to the eagles; and there are numerous ruins of ancient cities, once inhabited by thousands of civilized people, which have never been explored.

Most of these ruins lie in the republics of Bolivia and Peru, on the western side of the continent. Peru stretches down to the edge of the Pacific Ocean; but the people who built the ancient cities were hardy highlanders, living in the tremendous range of the Andes mountains, which runs along the entire length of the continent, from north to south. There are no loftier peaks anywhere in the world, except in the Himalayas. Although Peru

and Bolivia lie only a short distance south of the Equator, their mountains are always covered with snow. La Paz, the capital of Bolivia, 12,000 feet above sea-level, is the world's highest large city; and Lake Titicaca, close by, on the borders of Bolivia and Peru, is the highest large lake.

On the other side of the lake, in Peru, is Cuzco, South America's oldest inhabited city. It has a strange mixture of old and new buildings, with the ruins of ancient temples side by side with cinemas and a railway station. In the main hotel, Dr. Mendez was staying with his two children, Carlos and Isabella. He was an eminent Peruvian archaeologist, who had travelled up from the University at Lima, the capital, near the coast.

"How old is Cuzco? asked Isabella.

"Nobody knows," her father replied. "That is one of the mysteries of Peru. My guess is that it was built three or four thousand years ago; but we know very little of the first people who lived here, except that they obviously reached a high level of civilization. Their knowledge of mathematics and engineering, for instance, must have been remarkable to have enabled them to build the stone walls of the city, and of the fortress which you can see outside, on the hill-top. They are made of huge stones, of different shapes and

sizes, some weighing as much as three hundred tons, and so cunningly laid together that it is impossible to slide the blade of a knife between them. No one knows how these people brought the stones all the way from distant quarries, smoothed and cut them into shape so expertly, and then lifted them into position. It was a feat comparable to the building of the Pyramids, in ancient Egypt."

"Weren't these people called the Incas?" Carlos asked him.

"No", said Dr. Mendez. "The Incas were the tribe who conquered them, in the tenth or eleventh century. Probably they lived somewhere up in those mountains. It is too cold up there for crops to be grown, and they must therefore originally have been shepherds. Like the shepherds there today, they probably kept herds of llamas, which are those animals which you can see in the street outside, looking rather like camels, and able to go long distances like them, without water, carrying heavy loads.

"How and when the Incas came to Cuzco, and captured the city, is a matter of conjecture. I expect that they looked down from their mountain heights, and decided that it would be better to live down here, in this warm, sheltered valley. They were excellent fighters, and they took possession of it by sheer force. The legend about it is much

more poetical. Mango-Kapak, the first Inca, and his wife are supposed to have appeared, dressed in gorgeous robes, in a boat on Lake Titicaca. They were both descendants of the sun-god, the legend says, and their boat glided out from the sun itself, as it rose through the morning mist."

"The word 'Inca' means 'born of the sun', doesn't it?" asked Carlos.

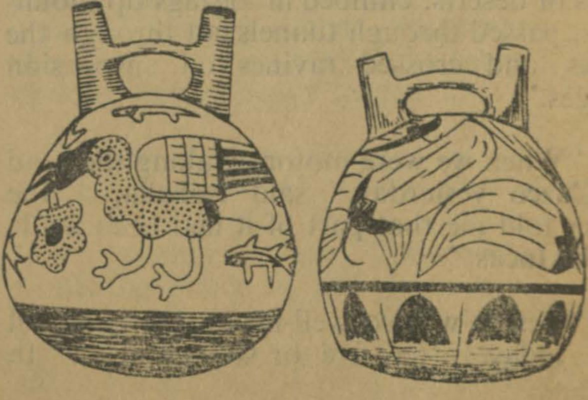
"Yes. The ruler was called the Inca, and his subjects are usually called the Incas, too. They captured Cuzco, and ultimately acquired an empire stretching along the coast and the mountains for about two thousand miles. They were a race of tall people, with fair skins and red hair, and were intelligent and full of energy. They made wonderful asphalt roads from one end of their empire to the other. Their engineers made light of all the difficulties. The roads crossed many miles of deserts, climbed in zigzags up mountains, passed through tunnels cut through the peaks, and crossed ravines on suspension bridges."

"When we were motoring along the road to Cuzco yesterday," said Isabella, "the driver told me that part of it had been made by the Incas."

"Yes, it was so well-made that it is still used today, after five or six centuries. In

the time of the Incas, there were rest-houses at intervals of twenty miles, right along the high-way. Messages could be flashed by mirrors or torches from one rest-house to another, and government runners waited at each to carry the mail in relays along the road. It is amazing how fast this postal service was. Fresh fish and vegetables from the coast could be carried up to Cuzco in less than twenty-four hours, faster than they can be brought by train today!"

"The Incas were wonderful farmers, too. They found that many parts of their empire were dry and infertile. The Incas transformed them. They built terraces on the sides of the mountains, and watered them with marvellous irrigation systems. They developed most of the crops grown in Peru today—potatoes, maize and cotton, tomatoes, beans and melons. They improved the breed of



alpacas, cousins of the llamas, weaving their fine, silky hair into cloth. They also made excellent pottery and lacquer work."

"What did they wear?" asked Isablela, with a feminine interest in clothes.

"The ordinary people wore the same type of dress which their descendants wear today. The men wore the 'poncho', a cloak woven in gay stripes, with a hole in the middle for the read to go through. Under it they wore short woollen trousers, with several inches of white under-pants showing at the knee.



"The design and colours showed from which village they came. On their heads, they wore felt caps, with brims turned back in front. If you look out of the hotel windows now, you can see scores of people in similar clothes, in the street. The women, too, are wearing the traditional dress, of brightly-

coloured blouses and skirts, and shawls. You can see them carrying babies on their backs, and spinning wool or cotton thread all the time, even when they stand and gossip. The Inca peasant women no doubt did the same."

"What did the other people wear?"

"The soldiers wore ponchos, too, and carried painted wooden shields, spears and slings. You have seen shepherds nowadays carring such slings, and a stock of pebbles. They drive their herds ahead of them by hurling the pebbles at the animals' feet, without harming any of them. We have found many such slings in the graves of Incas. They were deadly weapons, in the hands of experts.

"The army officers and the priests wore tunics lavishly embroidered, and covered with jewels, with plumes of feathers on their heads. The court ladies wore blouses and skirts of thin fabrics, such as lace. By the way, they used make-up, too. I have found the mummy of a rich woman, with a make-up box by its side, containing a mirror and comb, face-powder and lipstick, mascara for darkening the eye-lashes, and red nail varnish.

"The Inca and his wife wore the most magnificent clothes of all. By tradition, they never wore the same dress twice; and each one was made of the finest cloth, woven

by nuns. A gold band was tied round the Inca's brow, and above it rose red and white feathers. The Incas had immense stores of gold. They did not use it for coins, for they had no currency. Their trade was carried on by a system of bartering goods. They used the gold and jewels from mines in the mountains as ornaments, and as decoration for their buildings. When men from Spain conquered the Incas in the sixteenth century, they were struck dumb with wonder at the sight of the fabulous wealth which fell into their hands. They were obliged to pay one-fifth of it to the King of Spain. They estimated its value at nearly one hundred million pounds, in modern currency; and probably, human nature being what it is, that was a deliberate under-statement. I imagine that the Spaniards quietly feathered their own nests with much of the gold, without saying anything about it to their king. We can get some idea of how the city looked in those days. Come outside with me, and I will take you round Cuzco."

As Dr. Mendes walked down the street withthe children, he explained to them that the city had been built in the shape of an eagle, the royal bird. The fortress on the hill head of them formed its head; the city was in the shape of the body and tail; and the mountains on either side formed the wings. Large stone palaces, with pillars of solid gold, stood in the city. There were wide streets

and large squares, with fountains in the middle. There were also training colleges both for priests and for civil servants, and a school with a three-year course for junior army officers.

"This road," said Dr. Mendes, "was the main shopping centre. It leads to the circular Temple of the Sun, which was the finest building of all. I am afraid that we can't see much of the temple now, for the Spanish soldiers destroyed most of it, and built a Christian church on its ruins. The temple must have been a marvellous sight. Outside it were gardens containing artificial trees of silver and gold, with gold birds in their branches. There were golden fountains, with golden crocodiles lying in the water. The walls of the temple were covered with sheets of gold, and the roof was covered with stars made of jewels. Above the altar was a golden image of the sun, its rays tipped with precious stones, and beside it was the silver image of the moon.

"The greatest religious festival was the Birth of the Sun. The Incas worked for most of the year, which they divided into twelve months, each of thirty days. That left five extra days, which came at mid-summer, and were national holidays. On the morning of the longest day, the last of these five holidays, the Inca was carried in his litter to the temple. Solemn music was played,

as the people waited breathlessly for the sun to rise. When the great moment came, the Inca rose and faced the sun, which was supposed to be his father. He held a mirror in his hand, and directed the sun's rays on to cotton wool, which soon burst into flames. Hymns of praise were sung, and the priests carried the sacred fire to light bonfires throughout the city. Afterwards, everyone went to the big stadium outside the city, to watch athletic contests, or listened to recitals of poetry and music."

"How did this wonderful empire come to an end?" asked Carlos.

"Unfortunately the Spaniards destroyed it," Dr. Mendes explained. "You know that in 1492, Columbus persuaded the Queen of Spain (your name-sake, Isabella) to give him three ships, in which he discovered America. He thought that he had found the coast of India, and for that reason the natives of North and South America are called Indians today. Well, he took tales of the wealth of the country back to Spain, and a Spanish soldier called Pizarro led a number of adventurers to look for treasure. They sailed down the west coast of South America, and came to Peru in 1532. The Inca welcomed them to Cuzco, and they repaid his hospitality with treachery. The Inca soldiers were no match for the Spanish troops, with their guns. Pizarro seized the town and afterwards killed Atahualpa, the

last Inca. It was poetic justice that Pizarro himself was killed by treachery in 1541, after a quarrel had broken out amongst his followers over the division of the plunder.

"The Spaniards attempted to destroy this city, but as you can see, the walls were too massive to be pulled down. Pizarro built our present capital, Lima, because he preferred to live on the coast, instead of up here. I'm not surprised, for this mountain air makes anyone who has come up from the plains feel giddy at first. That was why we all felt exhausted on our first day here, yesterday. We owe our Spanish language, and customs, and names, to Pizarro and his followers. All the same, I feel a grudge against him for his cruel and treacherous treatment of the Incas, and I am glad that Spanish rule ended here in 1821.

"There are still many things which we should like to know about the Incas. Where did they come from, and who were the people who lived here before them ? How did they build these temples? How did they make their lacquer work? What was the purpose of the stone towers which are built on the hill-tops? When did the surviving Incas die out, after the Spaniards had come; and how many other Inca cities lie waiting to be explored? There is plenty of work left for young archaeologists."

NOTES

Comprehensive	..	full and complete.
Impenetrable	..	that which cannot be penetrated, or passed through.
Eminent	..	famous, distinguished.
Quarry	..	a place from which stone is obtained. It is in the open, not underground, like a mine.
Feat	..	a notable act.
A matter of conjecture		a doubtful matter, the truth of which can only be guessed.
Legend	..	a story, handed down from the past.
Suspension bridge	..	a bridge held up by cables, supported by a tower at each end.
Feathered their nests		set aside money for themselves, which did not belong to them.
Artificial	..	not natural.
Litter	..	a couch on which people can be carried.
Stadium	..	an open space for sports with seats round it.
Poetic justice	..	the punishment of evil, in the neat manner of poetry and drama.
Massive	..	heavy, bulky.
A grudge	..	ill-will.
Mummy	..	a human body, preserved from decay by being embalmed.

EXERCISES

1. Make up sentences using these phrases:—

Along the entire length; a strange mixture; a matter of conjecture; by sheer force; full of energy; made light of; climbed in zigzags; well-made; deadly weapons; struck dumb with wonder; fell into their hands; an under-

statement; feathered his nest; name-sake; repaid his hospitality; it was poetic justice; feel a grudge against.

2. Give antonyms for these words:—

Fertile; remote; sheltered; intelligent; dark; wealthy; modern; greatest.

3. Answer these questions:—

What was the greatest religious festival of the Incas?
What were the names of the first and the last Inca?
What was the name of their capital city?
What is the name of the modern capital of Peru?
What is the name of the highest large city and the highest big lake in the world?
What is the name of the cloak worn by the Inca men?
Who led the Spanish adventurers who destroyed the Incas?

4. Translate the first paragraph of the chapter into Urdu.

5. Write an imaginary newspaper report of the defeat of the Incas by the Spaniards. You may write it either from the point of view of an Inca or of one of the Spaniards.

CHAPTER 11

LAND OF THE PHARAOHS

The Incas and their predecessors created one of the most splendid ancient civilizations in the New World. In the Old World, however, even older civilizations existed, in the Middle East. For perhaps 200,000 years, primitive men had lived much the same sort of simple life. Most of them were nomads, depending for food upon the wild animals and fish which they caught. Archaeologists think that the Middle East was the first place in which these wandering tribes settled down to become farmers.

There were good reasons for that. The valleys of the River Nile in Egypt, and of the Rivers Tigris and Euphrates in Mesopotamia, were warm and sunny. Every year these rivers flooded, leaving behind them rich, dark mud, on which crops grew easily. The nomads who stopped to have a look at these valleys found that it was possible to live far more comfortably, growing their food, and keeping herds of tame animals. They built homes for themselves, and settled down there. In these peaceful valleys, they quickly developed a more advanced way of life. Nobody knows whether civilization grew up first in Egypt or in Mesopotamia. What is known

is that by about 4,000 B. C., there were highly organised societies in each. By now there were kings, priests and civil servants, artists, merchants and farmers. They had fine buildings, pottery and jewels. Above all, they had invented a written language, and a way of measuring time. Then, at last, the period of recorded history began. For the first time, we hear of individual men and women, and know what they did, and when they lived.

We know more about ancient Egypt than about other contemporary civilizations, mainly because of two things. The first was their custom of preserving the bodies of the dead, and burying them, often in stone tombs, surrounded by their favourite possessions. The other was the dry climate of Egypt. The dry air and sand have preserved the contents of the tombs, as well as household objects, swept carelessly into the corners of rooms, and even rubbish from waste-paper baskets. Inside tombs, archaeologists have found cakes and fruit, still recognisable. They have found flowers which lasted for a few hours when placed in water. They have seen the footprints in the sand on the floors of the tombs, left by the mourners. They have been able to read the messages written on the walls, thanks to the discovery in the 19th century of the meaning of the Egyptian writing, or hieroglyphics. And they have enjoyed looking at the pictures on the walls

of scenes from everyday life, or the comic drawings of animals, such as the cat walking with dignity past a couple of scared lions, or the lion and the deer playing chess together.

The Egyptians were a conservative race. They lived in the long, narrow valley of the Nile, isolated on three sides by the desert, and cut off on the fourth by the sea. Their way of life has not changed much in five thousand years.

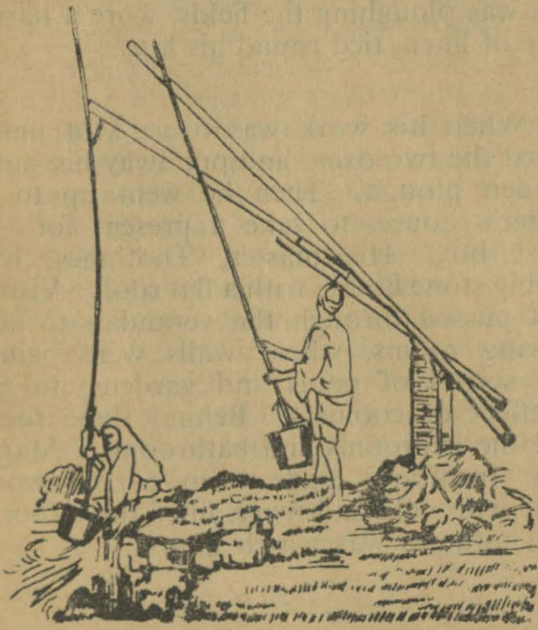
Consider first the lives of an Egyptian peasant and of his lord, in the year 1350 B. C., during the reign of Tutankhamen. Mut, the peasant, lived on an estate beside the Nile, near the ancient capital, Thebes. All Egypt belonged to the Pharaoh, as the king was called ; but the priests and nobles rented much of it, and Mut and other peasants in turn rented tiny farms from them. As coins were unknown, Mut paid a rent of wheat and barley to his lord, at the time of the harvest.

. The harvest came in April. Mut had sown the corn in the previous August, after the floods were over. One year, there had been scarcely any floods, and in consequence people had starved. Egypt was a very dry country, receiving only a few inches of rain in the winter. It depended almost entirely upon the Nile for its supply of water. The Nile rose far to the south, in Lake Victoria,

in the mountains of East Africa. As it flowed northwards, it was joined by tributaries from the highlands of Abyssinia, where heavy rain fell in summer. It was these tributaries which brought down most of the flood-water in July and August to the grateful Egyptians.

Like the other peasants, Mut divided his land, into squares, each surrounded by a ditch and a high bank of earth with holes in it. When the river was in flood, the water over-flowed into these ditches, and ran through the holes into the squares. Then Mut filled up the holes. The rich mud was spread all over his fields, ready for the next crop.

When Mut wanted to water his fieds during the rest of the year, he had to ralise water from the river. Sometimes he used a wheel, turned by oxen. Jars were fastened all round the edge of the wheel, and as it revolved, they were dipped into the river, and emptied into a ditch leading to the fields. At other times, Mut used a shaduf, invented by some anonymous genius who had discovered the use of the lever. The shaduf consisted of a wooden pole, with a bucket at one end, and a heavy weight at the other. Mut lowered the bucket into the river, and then, when it was full of water, and heavy, he raised it with the help of the beam and the weight, and emptied it into the ditch.



Date palms grew on the bank of the river, and gave shade to the simple hut of dried mud in which Mut lived with his family. They were careful not to go too close to the bank, for fear of crocodiles. The hut was built on ground high enough to be above the level of the flood-waters. The children ran races until they became tired. Then they sat in the shade, and watched their mother making bread. Because of the heat, they were naked, but their mother wore a wide piece of coarse linen, wrapped round her body, and reaching to her ankles; while Mut,

who was ploughing the fields, wore a narrow piece of linen, tied round his hips.

When his work was over, Mut unharnessed the two oxen, and put away his simple wooden plough. Then he went up to his master's house, to take a present for the eldest boy. His master, Thothmes, lived in a big stone house, with a flat roof. Visitors to it passed through the verandah to large drawing rooms, whose walls were painted with scenes of pools and gardens, to give an effect of coolness. Behind these rooms were the bedrooms and bathrooms. Magnificent furniture, made from carved wood, inlaid with gold and ivory, filled these rooms; for Thothmes was a rich man.

At this moment, he was sitting in the garden, watching his three sons playing in the swimming-pool. His lovely wife, Neferet, was listening to music played on the harp by one of the slaves. She wore a thin robe of pleated linen, and ornaments of gold and jewels. Her lips and nails were painted red, and black mascara darkened her eye-brows. As the day was hot, she had taken off her wig, and had loosened her dark hair. She disliked the fashion of shaving the head, and wearing a wig over it in public; although Thothmes had adopted it, saying that he kept cooler by doing so.

Neferet stretched out her hand, and picked a grape from the bowl of deep blue pottery which stood near her. Soon it would be time for the evening meal of meat, fish, fruit and cakes. She hoped that the cook had put sufficient honey into the cakes to make them really sweet. She looked at the water-clock, to see what time it was. The water in it was slowly dripping away, and the amount which was left could be measured to show the hours. Nearly eighteen out of the twenty-four hours of the day had passed. Neferet hoped that the doctor would come that evening, to see the baby, who was the apple of her eye. He did not seem to be well, and she had great faith in the doctor, who cured his patients by a mixture of magic and of well-tried medicines.

Thothmes called his eldest son, and asked him what leasons his tutor had given to him that morning. The boy ran into the house to fetch his exercise book. The boy showed his father the sums which he had worked out, neatly written down in ink. He was proud of being able to work out square roots correctly, and his father congratulated him.

When a servant came out to announce that a peasant had arrived with a present, the boy went to see him, with Thothmes.

"The present is for you, lord," said Mut, bowing to the boy.

Thothmes and his son were delighted. Mut had made out of clay a number of little models, showing a hunting scene. A small figure to represent Thothmes stood in a toy chariot, shooting arrows at a bird. Slaves rowed a toy boat, in which the figure of Thothmes' son stood with his spear in his hand, ready to hurl it at a fish. The models had been beautifully made, and Mut received his master's warm thanks, and a gift of a length of fine linen.

The boy was still examining his present.



"I am glad that Mut showed me with my spear", he said. "When I die, my spear must be buried with me."

Thothmes had already made preparations for his own death. A tomb had been made of stone, and he had given the priests a supply of corn, so that they would offer prayers and gifts of food and wine to the gods, on his behalf. He believed in many gods, the chief of whom was Osiris, who ruled over the dead, Thothmes thought that when he died, his spirit would be led before forty-two judges, presided over by Osiris. They would ask his spirit search-

ing questions about his behaviour upon earth, such as "Did you ever commit a theft?" or "Have you ever done harm to anyone?' If Thothmes answered that he had never done any evil, one of the gods would weigh his heart on a pair of scales, balancing it against the feather of truth. If they balanced exactly, Thothmes would live happily ever after, amongst the gods; but if one weighed more than the other, showing that he had lied in answer to the questions, he would be eaten up by a monster.

The local god of Thebes, near Thothmes' home, was Amen. Like many Egyptians, Thothmes had been shocked when the late Pharaoh had abandoned the worship of Amen, and had closed his temples. The Pharaoh had made the worship of Aton, the sun-god, the new state-religion; had changed his own name to Ikhnaton (meaning "it pleased Aton") ; and had built a new capital called Akhetaton in the god's honour. The new city had broad avenues and fine, stone temples, a zoo and excellent houses for the officials; but Thothmes was not reconciled to the fact of having a new religion and a new capital. Life at the court had become too informal for his taste. The court painters, who used to show the Pharaohs looking like stiff and formidable images, now painted them laughing with their children, or admiring flowers. Thothmes was secretly relieved when, after Ikhnaton's death, the new

Pharaoh, Tutankhamen, moved the capital back to Thebes, and returned to the old religion and customs.

Such was the life of Thothmes and Mut in 1350 B. C. Mut's descendant, Ali, a peasant, or fellah, of modern Egypt, lived a life not unlike his own. It is true that there were some vital differences. Ali did not worship numerous gods. He was a Muslim, as his ancestors had been ever since the conquest of Egypt by Omar, the second Caliph. Moreover he did not live in a country ruled by a Pharaoh, in which all the land belonged to him. Egypt had passed through many changes since then. It had been ruled in succession by Greeks, Romans, Byzantine emperors, Arab Caliphs, Turks, the British, and recently by Egyptian kings. Now Ali lived in a Republic, set up in 1953, and headed by President Nasser. Thebes and Akhetaton had falled into ruins, and the new capital was Cairo, built by the Arabs in the 10th century.

Linen was no longer the chief material for clothing, and rich people no longer wore wigs. Ali wore cotton wide-sleeved shirts, falling to the ground, over loose trousers, and a round cotton cap upon his head; and his wife wore a long-sleeved dress over wide trousers, and a veil when she went into the bazaar. She sweetened food with sugar, which had been introduced into Egypt since

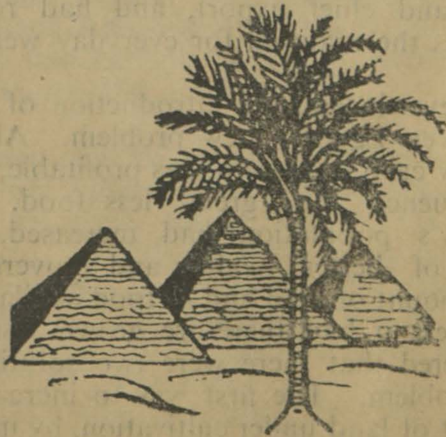
the time of Mut. Crocodiles had disappeared from the country, and hens had been brought into it : Ali's wife considered that to be an excellent exchange !

The Nile flood-waters were now controlled by large dams, such as the Aswan Dam, finished in 1902. They released the water gradually, so that the fields could receive it throughout the year. That made it possible for the fellahin to grow more crops in a year. Ali planted wheat in August and harvested it in April, as Mut had done; but he then planted another crop of corn in the summer, to be harvested in November; and a third crop, such as cotton, the following February, to be ready in August. In that way, he grew three crops in two years. The introduction of cotton had been of great importance to Egypt. It was now her main crop, and chief export, and had replaced linen as the material for everyday wear.

Nevertheless, the introduction of cotton had given Egypt a new problem. Ali grew the new crop because it was profitable, but in consequence he grew less food. The country's population had increased, as a result of better health and government. The amount of land and of food available for each person had therefore grown less. Ali considered that there were two solutions to this problem. The first was to increase the amount of land under cultivation, by improv-

ing the irrigation systems. The other was to provide other work for those who could not find farms, such as work in factories.

These problems and ways of life would have been strange to Mut: yet both Mut and Ali had much in common. Many of the simple details of their everyday life were shared by both men. The Nile's floods are still anxiously awaited each year by Ali. He supplements the water from the dams by using a water-wheel and a shaduf, just as Mut did. His tools and his methods of farming have not changed very much. He lives in the same type of mud hut, and modern theories about health have not affected him very much, although modern railways lie near his home, and modern aeroplanes roar overhead. He still prefers to do business by bartering, instead of



bothering with coins; and his wife makes qread in the same way. The outward circumstances of life alter, but human nature does not change very much. Children are still scolded by their mother for playing naked in the dust; and their fathers still make little toys for them, of men in boats.

NOTES

Predecessors	..	those before them.
(*the opposite is successor*).		
Individual	..	a single man or thing.
Contemporary	..	existing at the same time.
Tributary	..	a river flowing into another.
The apple of her eye	..	her favourite.
Well-tried	..	often tested, with good results.
Congratulated	..	praised.
Reconciled to	..	once more accepting a fact, or friendly.
Vital differences	..	important differences.
Hygiene	..	the study of ways of preventing disease, and of maintaining health.

EXERCISES

1. Make up sentences, using these phrases:—

   Their predecessors; stopped to have a look; joined by tributaries; adopted the fashion of; the apple of her eye; well-tried medicines; made preparations for; reconciled to; too informal for his taste; secretly relieved; everyday life; human nature.

2. Write a precis (a summary) of the second paragraph, starting "There were good reasons for that...."

3. Translate the last paragraph of the chapter into Urdu.

4. Find a photograph of some place or object in ancient Egypt, and bring it to the class.

5. What differences are there between life in ancient Egypt under the Pharaohs, and life in Egypt today?

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